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The Outlook

Volume 140 July 15, 1925 Number 11

"The House of Governors"

WHEN the Conference of Governors was instituted seventeen years ago, it promised to become a real and practical factor in our Federal Union. It has not fulfilled the promise of those days. It has apparently become little more than a social gathering with an incidental exchange of ideas.

The meeting this year, held at Poland Springs, Maine, furnished a forum for the discussion by the twenty Governors present of the troubles of the farmer, and of centralization and decentralization of government control, and a chance for Governor Smith, of New York, to challenge the Republican Party's claims to economy. But nothing was really accomplished in the way of comity of action between the States. Governor Smith's speech came just after the Conference had heard General Lord, Director of the Budget, tell his story of "the courageous retrenchment" and the "two per cent club" and the "balanced budget." As Governor Smith spoke one could almost detect a note of defiance in his statement that the Nation was returning from a war basis to that of peace, that therefore there was a natural and essential reaction from war expenditures, and that the Federal Government had not begun to indicate what true economy was. He was heard with amazement, and then slipped away and returned to New York.

Governor Ritchie's discussion of Federal aid as unconstitutional and unwise enlisted strong sympathy. Many Western States are getting more and more aid from the Federal Government, and coming therefore more under the Federal Government's control. Four States get more Federal money for highways than they pay in Federal income tax. Other States want this tendency to Federal aid halted. It seems strange that in this discussion there was some apparent change in attitude on the part of Southern States. "I understand what States' rights mean," said the Governor of Mississippi, "but I want to break down every barrier of States' rights. I want to turn over to the Federal Government more and more power over States."

Governor McMullen, of Nebraska, decried price fixing, but declared that the farmer needed help until such time as he could control his output. There were other questions, such as prison labor, State budgets, and the veto power of the Governor, discussed. Then there was an automobile ride through Maine's textile and shoe manufacturing centers, to Aroostook County, and even up across the Canadian boundary. At Bar Harbor the Shenandoah took some of the more hardy delegates into the air.

The Conference was pleasant for the Governors, but it hardly contributed to the settlement of questions that are raised by the diversity of laws and practices among our forty-eight States.

Is Divorce Ever Justified?

A MOVEMENT is under way in the Episcopal Church to prohibit the marriage of any divorced person under the auspices of that Church. The sponsors of this movement are organized as "The Sanctity of Marriage Association." On the Executive Committee of this Association are Bishop Manning of New York, Bishop Burgess of Long Island, and Bishop Matthews of New Jersey. At present the canon which forbids Episcopal clergymen to perform the marriage ceremony for a divorced person does not

P. & A. Photos

Some of the State Governors who gathered at Poland Springs, Maine, for their annual Conference

Left to right, front row: Ex-Governor Townsend, Maryland; Governor A. McMullen, Nebraska; Governor E. Jackson, Indiana; Governor R. P. Robinson, Delaware; R. Brewster, Maine; R. Ritchie, Maryland; J. W. Martin, Florida; F. Billings, Vermont; A. T. Fuller, Massachusetts. Back row, left to right: Governor Al Smith, New York; John Hammill, Iowa; Mrs. Nellie Ross, Wyoming; E. Lee Trinkle, Virginia; H. Whitfield, Mississippi; Thomas G. McLeod, South Carolina; Lieutenant-Governor Clark, California; and Governor M. E. Trapp, Oklahoma

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apply in the case of the innocent party in a divorce for adultery. The reasons given by the Association for their attempt to remove the single exception from the canon on divorce are partly based on ecclesiastical history, partly on the teachings of the New Testament, and partly on experience.

So far as the reasons concern the precedents in the Church they are of interest only to those who regard such precedents as authoritative; but the reasons based on the New Testament and on experience have an appeal far beyond the confines of the Episcopal Church itself.

Throughout Christendom the standards of the New Testament unquestionably form the prevailing moral ideals. If those standards are contrary to the remarriage of an innocent party in a divorce, all churches, without regard to denominations, should set themselves against it. The New Testament, however, is not followed as if it were a code of laws. The fact, therefore, which the sponsors of this movement cite, that there is no word in the New Testament to support such marriage is not conclusive except to those who think of the Gospel as simply a set of statutes and commands. The real guide in this, as in all moral questions, is not the letter but the spirit of the New Testament, and throughout the ages there have been men of spiritual insight who, placing marriage on the highest plane, have recognized death to be not the only destroyer of its bonds. When the sponsors for this movement appeal to experience, when they point out collusion and fraud in divorce cases and the fifty-two causes which are recognized in various States as grounds for legal divorce, they are citing evidence plain to all. Disregard of the sanctity of marriage is one of the great evils of the day. It brings injury, not merely to husbands and wives, but to children and to the basic institution of the family. It is one of the worst forms of selfishness, and is consequently disastrous to society. If the Sanctity of Marriage Association can arouse new concern for the preservation of the family as the unit of society, it will serve a more useful purpose than it would by succeeding in its specific aim.

Athens and America

It is a very high compliment to American enterprise and skill in archæology that Greece has put into American hands one of the most important and promising fields of exploration that have been opened in our time.

The plan commits Greece to furnish free of charge a great area near the Acropolis and other of the finest remains of ancient Athens. This will be excavated under the charge of the School of Classical Studies at Athens of the Archæological Institute of America. The Greek Government will meet the charges to compensate owners or lessees of the ground, and the American association, as we understand it, will pay for the actual work.

It is hard to overestimate the possibilities as to the treasures which may be uncovered. Here underneath the accumulations of centuries there are known to be many specimens of Greek art, architecture, and temple building in the highest manner of the famed classical era. Professor Capps, of Princeton, states that some forty American colleges will join in what he describes as the most important archæological research ever undertaken. The expense of the plan is shown by Professor Capps's estimate that buildings valued at about a million dollars must be condemned and removed. The work of excavation will call for at least $50,000 a year. The site occupies some fifteen or twenty city blocks north and east of the Acropolis. There is no question whatever that ancient buildings and statues are buried in this vicinity. The operations will occupy several years, but the results to be obtained are of value commensurate with the cost and time to be expended.

Professor Capps sees as one result of this vast undertaking a great revival of classical study and learning. He says, "Illumination will be thrown on religion and history that will influence scholarly thought throughout the world. It is a challenge to us to get the work started as soon as the necessary preliminaries can be completed."

The War in Morocco

France is taking measures to deal with the Riff hostilities in a thoroughgoing way. French sentiment now sees the necessity of this, after some political opposition and questioning. The local successes gained by Abd-el-Krim have shown that the war will get worse and worse unless it is stopped quickly.

As Abd-el-Krim is, theoretically at least, subject to attack from two directions and two armies—the Spanish and the French—it might seem that his military position is precarious. As a matter of fact, there is little activity on the part of Spain, and on the French front the peculiar nature of the war presents considerable difficulties. What has happened has been that the Riff forces have made sudden and unexpected raids on the more vulnerable parts of the front, and that as soon as they meet with a local success the tribes in that locality join the revolt, so that France has to deal constantly with outbreaks within her own lines.

The result has been the decision to place a general officer in command of the strictly military part of the war. At first it was expected that General Guillaumat, one of the most distinguished of French officers in the Great War, would be sent out in this capacity, but he did not find it possible to accept the appointment, and instead General Naulin has been appointed. General Naulin commanded a corps of the Rhine Army in the Great War, and, while by no means so famous as General Guillaumat, is a tried and efficient commander. General Lyautey remains as administrator.

The disaffection among the tribes both within and without the French sphere of influence is a serious factor in the situation and undoubtedly is in a large part due to religious fanaticism. The temporary and local successes of Abd-el-Krim naturally have increased the disaffection. He seems to these tribesmen to be for them what Kemal Pasha was to Turkey, and his arrogance in demanding impossible peace terms, such as total independence of the Riff as a free state beyond foreign influence, and his further demand for the cession of wide stretches of territory which do not belong to the Riff region and never did—all this impresses the tribesmen beyond all reason.

Under existing circumstances, with the Socialists theoretically committed to peace at any price in Morocco in spite of treaty promises, the Prime Minister's course has been all that could have been expected of Poincaré or any other Premier. M. Painlevé's air journey to Morocco some time ago was that kind of spectacular performance which fills Frenchmen with delight. It gave a dramatic impetus to public sentiment in support of the Government's determination to fight the issue to a finish.

Proverbially, the right way to handle a nettle is to grasp it firmly, and this is

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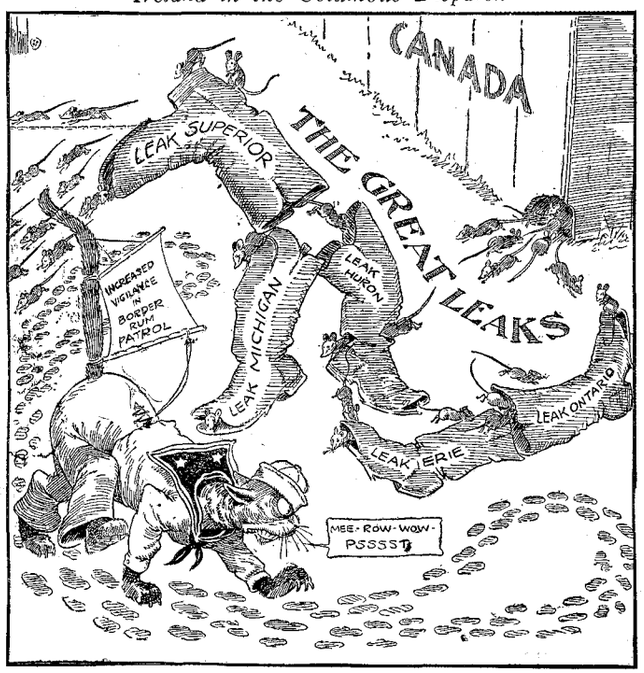
I must wait, and watch withal

(Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



A new catboat along our leak front

From Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

Albert T. Reid for The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

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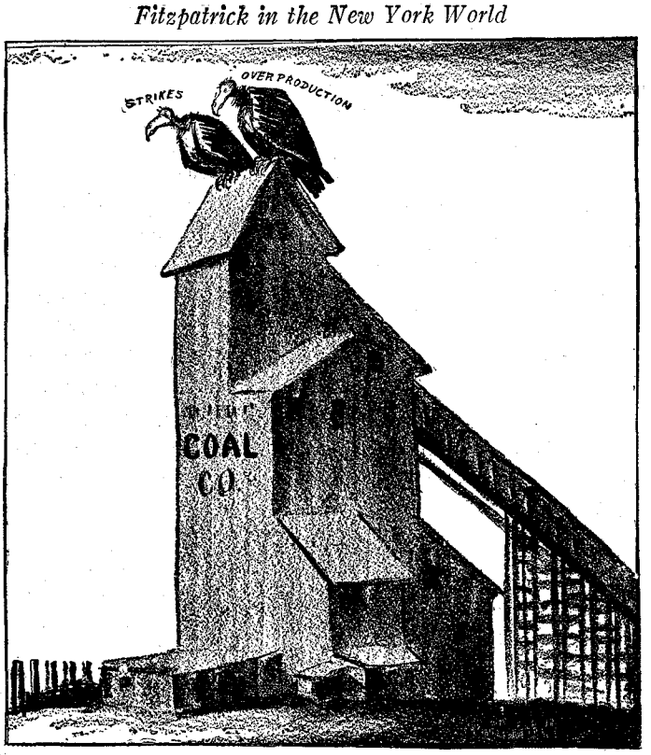
And there's the sheriff just waiting for the bad man to start something

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

At the night bell

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Fitzpatrick in the New York World



The roost

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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what France seems resolved to do with the Riff war.

A Word from Coolidge to Europe

SESQUICENTENNIAL celebrations are now in order. It was a hundred and fifty years ago that the American colonists made their choice between loyalty to England's German King and loyalty to England's best traditions, and began their struggle that ended in their independence. So last April Vice-President Dawes celebrated the ride of his ancestor and Paul Revere. Then in June the former Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, made a great speech in Boston in commemoration of the Battle of Bunker Hill. And now (on July 3) President Coolidge has spoken at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in honor of Washington, who one hundred and fifty years before on the same spot took command of the American Army.

In these days when it is a matter of reproach to be one hundred per cent American—if some of our instructors in civilization and culture are to be heeded—a speech like that of President Coolidge's, actually eulogizing the Father of His Country, has at least the merit of taking sides in a controversial subject. This particular speech had the further merit of giving a picture of the man Washington. But what was most important in the speech came at the end. Taking Washington's view of our foreign relations as a text, the President applied Washington's principles to the situation in the world to-day. Because of the comment which the President's concluding words called forth they are worthy of quotation in full:

> If the people of the Old World are mutually distrustful of each other, let them enter into mutual covenants for their mutual security, and when such covenants have been made let them be solemnly observed, no matter what the sacrifice. They have settled the far more difficult problems of reparations, they are in process of funding their debts to us, why can they not agree on permanent terms of peace and fully re-establish international faith and credit?
>
> If there be differences which cannot be adjusted at the moment, if there be conditions which cannot be foreseen, let them be resolved in the future by methods of arbitration and by the forms of judicial determination.
>
> While our own country should refrain from making political commitments where it does not have political interests, such covenants would always have the moral support of our Government and could not fail to have the commendation of the public opinion of the world. Such a course would be sure to endow the participating nations with an abundant material and spiritual reward.

On what other basis can there be any encouragement for a disposition to attempt to finance a revival of Europe? The world has tried war with force and has utterly failed. The only hope of success lies in peace with justice. No other principle conforms to the teaching of Washington; no other standard is worthy of the spirit of America; no other course makes so much promise for the regeneration of the world.

Of course such words as these of the President's are not wholly welcome in European ears. The people of Europe would like Uncle Sam to help them out of their difficulties. They think of him as rich and unworried. The London "Daily News," Liberal and inclined to pacifism, frankly resents these remarks, ascribing America's freedom from European enmities not to "her own superior righteousness," but to "historical and geographical accidents." And it adds that such speeches are "worse than useless," for they are either "exasperating platitudes or else . . . simply import another element of darkness and uncertainty into a situation which is dark enough already." This is the natural effect upon certain European minds of any such redeclaration of American independence.

An American Policy in the Far East

As Europeans would like America to help Europe by canceling their debts and thus virtually paying reparations without disturbing trade, so they would like to see America fall in with their plans in the Far East. As English Liberal sentiment, expressed in the "Daily News" quoted above, is exasperated by the President's words, so English Conservative sentiment is exasperated by the President's policy with regard to China.

Great Britain has enormous interests in China represented by property there and by resident English people. Any suggestion that the means Britain has employed for the protection of those interests might be weakened, or exchanged for other and less trustworthy means, naturally provokes the English commercial classes. Now it happens that both by tradition and by considerations of the future America is inclined to listen sympathetically to Chinese pleas and demands for relief from foreign control. The very suggestion of the United States that it might be desirable to have a conference to consider such questions as extra-territoriality and tariff reform rouses the English naturally to a position of self-defense. So the "Daily Telegraph," Conservative and commercial, accuses the Government at Washington of "unwillingness or inability to grasp the larger aspects of the Oriental question."

We believe that Washington has a better understanding of China than those English for whom the "Daily Telegraph" speaks are inclined to think. It is not the business of the Government at Washington primarily to look after British interests in China, any more than it is the business of the Government in London to look out for American interests there. It is entirely possible for an American to understand the British point of view without quite sharing it. Perhaps some day we may reasonably expect the British, both Liberal and Conservative, not to share but to understand the American point of view. Even after one hundred and fifty years American independence seems to require reassertion and re-explanation.

The Night Mail—By Air

THE Government has extended its air mail by the addition of a night service between New York and Chicago. The first experiment in night flying took place in August, 1923, when the first night-flying division between Chicago and Cheyenne was inaugurated.

The new night-flying division is of tremendous importance, because it connects two great cities with a service peculiarly valuable to business institutions. Mail can be put in the pouches in New York at the conclusion of one business day and be delivered in Chicago at the beginning of the next. The advantage of this to those who deal in the transfer of funds and stocks is patent.

Postmaster-General New declared at the inauguration of the New York-Chicago Service that airplanes must carry more than the mails if they are to be put upon a paying basis. Valuable express must also find its way through the air. He said, "I would like to see private companies carry the m[illegible]

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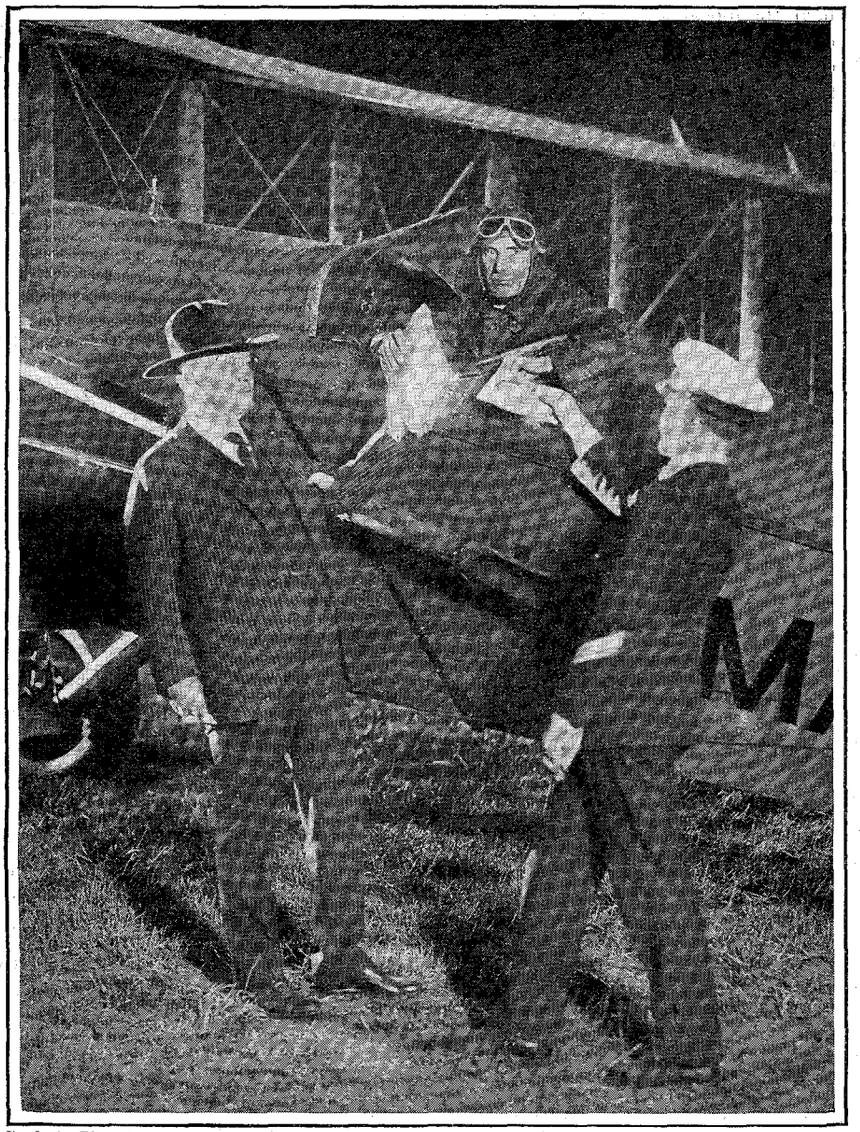

P. & A. Photos

Postmaster-General Harry S. New inaugurates the night air mail service between New York and Chicago by turning over a sack of letters to Pilot J. D. Hill

contract with the Government as the railroads do now." Even if this is the ultimate method of operating the air mail, it is obvious that the Government must handle the experimental work in the development of the new facilities.

The Largest Power Electric Plant in the World

Fifty million dollars is about to be spent by the New York Edison Company for constructing on Manhattan Island what will be the world's largest central station for the generation of electrical energy. In a truly mammoth structure there will be housed machinery capable of converting the latent energy of coal into one million horse-power continuously. Thus the new station will develop from coal fully one-sixth of the power which would be generated if the entire flow of Niagara Falls were to be [redacted]or that purpose. There will be enough electrical energy to light three million homes, although only a fraction of the power generated will be employed for that purpose.

It is significant that even at this modern time, when every one's interest is centered on hydroelectric power transmitted over hundreds of miles to manufacturing centers, so great a sum should be spent on an installation designed to burn coal and to generate its energy through the agency of steam turbines. Although this coal, a heavy, bulky product, must be mined, loaded on cars, shipped from the mine to the seaboard, and then reshipped to New York by steamer, this method is more economical under present and immediate future local conditions than the more ideal method mentioned.

On its arrival the coal will all be reduced to impalpable dust, as described in the March 18 issue of The Outlook. This dust is then injected under steam-boilers by means of air currents and is burned somewhat like gas. The smoke from this great amount of burning soft coal will be washed by special devices perfected within recent years, thus forestalling otherwise valid opposition to the production of so much soot in a great metropolis.

Man Controlling His Environment

Not long ago, as man's limited past goes, the utmost power that any individual could perfectly control was about one-sixth of a single horse-power. He had only the power of his own muscles. This shows how weak man really is, for it would keep alight only two or three ordinary electric lamps. The mechanical revolution has multiplied man's power so greatly that to-day every person in this superpowered country has the mechanical equivalent of thirty slaves continuously at work creating comforts for him and doing other tasks. This is more so with this Nation than most others, for New York alone produces in the form of electrical energy more power than all of Great Britain. In a large measure this fact is the result of centralization, New York having but two power companies and Chicago one; while London alone has seventy-seven, making the cost of production in London about two and one-half times that in New York.

Even coal and water power are comparatively inefficient, roundabout methods of securing control of energy. Although we have coal enough for several hundred years, we have already found use for more power than all of our streams put together could furnish. All of our power comes, in the last analysis, from the sun, the earth as a whole getting some 150,000,000,000,000 horse-power continuously from that source. The plants "understand" how to make direct use of it, but they keep their secret well. Man is now quietly engaged in research to discover this invaluable secret, and if it is ever given up, such fifty-million-dollar investments for power generation as that described will become obsolete.

It is an open question whether life would be any better were each of us in control of a thousand horse-power to do our work than at present when we have seven. The mere possession of power is neither good nor evil. It is the use to

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which he puts his power which determines whether the possessor of it is god or devil. In this power plant of the Edison Company there is a sermon in steel.

The Cycle of Coal

THERE is talk of a strike in the anthracite mines.

We recommend to the thoughtful consideration of the anthracite miners and operators, who are debating the terms on which their new two years' contract shall be based, the finding of the United States Coal Commission in 1923, following the great strike of 1922, that "A limited, natural monopoly like anthracite coal, supplying a necessity of life for millions of our people, cannot continue to be treated as if it were not affected by public interest." In the same statement the Commission declared that fuel is "quite as much a public necessity as gas, street railway service, or any other service or commodity that has been brought under public regulation."

Among the recommendations made by that Commission was that Congress should give the President specific authority, in case work ceased in the anthracite mines and general suffering threatened, to declare an emergency, take charge of the mines, operate them, fix wages and prices and secure fair distribution. That was what President Roosevelt proposed to do in the strikes of 1902 if the miners and operators would not agree to accept arbitration by a Board named by him. And to-day President Coolidge is reported informally by the press to be planning some kind of intervention if a new strike should occur in the anthracite field.

The Coal Commission made various other recommendations for legislation by Congress to avert the evils of a long fuel strike. Congress did nothing. It passed no laws; whatever bills were introduced died in committee. The strike of 1923 was settled under urgent pressure by Governor Pinchot. Why worry, thought Congress, about strikes of the future?

So two years have gone by, and we might almost be reading the reports of the 1923 dispute. The miners again demand an advance in wages (ten per cent is their basis); again they demand the check-off—that is, the privilege of collecting union dues from the pay-roll; again they argue that coal mining is perilous and the percentage of accidents and deaths terrible. Again, the operators assert that if wages are raised the consumer will have to pay the additional sum; and again, as in 1923, consumers complain that, if this happens, they will be mulcted excessively and ask that the excess wages be taken in part from profits.

If there should be a long strike, doubtless we shall have another expensive investigation by commission and a new or repeated set of recommendations. In that case, The Outlook will say, as it said in 1923: "It is for the new Congress that meets in December to act on the recommendations of the Coal Commission by passing legislation that will make it impossible again to disturb and threaten the people's comfort and welfare as such disputes have lately done and will do again unless there is power provided to stop private quarrels carried on at public expense." Perhaps Congress will; perhaps it will not.

Let us hope that the cycle may not again round itself out and that the bargaining may be mere "shadow boxing," as Mark Sullivan calls it. One reason to render that probable is that anthracite is having less and less of a monopolistic control of the fuel market. Oil, gas, new appliances, even the use of good quality soft coal, are being tried out; and a report just issued by the Federal Trade Commission recommends "education of the consumer in possible use of economical substitutes, systematic development of earlier and more rational buying by municipalities, increased shortage equipment at mines and distributing agencies, and enlargement of mine capacity to meet periods of unusual demand."

Behind the anthracite problem lies the bituminous trouble. Mr. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, asserts that bituminous operators have violated their contracts with the unions. They reply that non-union conditions prevail so extensively that the miners themselves pay no attention to the agreement, but, because of the excess of mines, competition in sales, and the bad state of soft-coal mining generally, take what work they can get, union or non-union. Thus, while the anthracite consumer is paying high prices and complaining of a close grasp on the trade by a small group of owners (the Trade Commission report states that seventy per cent of the anthracite mined is said to be produced by eight large companies "now or recently owned by or affiliated with railroads"), the bituminous trade is afflicted with over-production, excessive competition, and an army of small local companies. In August the bituminous miners and operators will struggle for some kind of working arrangement. Their problem is far more complex than that of the anthracite trade.

Meanwhile the consumer of anthracite will hope earnestly that his interests will not altogether be ignored. Commissions and recommendations do not seem to affect the retail price of coal very much.

The New Russia and the Old Way

FEW misapprehensions stand more successfully in the way of a just appreciation of a great international development than the belief that the old régime in Russia, with its immense army of bureaucrats, militarists, and secret police, which ruled the country with a rod of steel in the days of the czars, is a thing of the past. Those who have made any study of pre-revolutionary Russia cannot be betrayed into such a mistake. It is true that Russia has staggered the world by the immensity and extravagance of her revolutions; it is true that she has again and again made a fool of the political prophet and successfully thrown dust in the eyes of many statesmen; but those who knew the ways of the *okhrana* (the secret police of the old days), and had any appreciation of what Russian militarism really stood for and involved, have never believed that the old Russia had entirely ceased to exist.

As to the members of the *okhrana,* deception was the very essence of their calling. The rôle of a Nihilist or a revolutionary fitted them as naturally as that of the most servile servant of the Little Father. By night they would be found in the councils of some secret society, worming their way into the confidence of their colleagues and proving their trustworthiness by their wholehearted devotion. By day they would be drawing up reports of these societies for the police. To suppose that these men sank out of sight overnight when Lenine and Trotsky ascended the throne of Russia, or to suppose that men of such character or caliber became at once convinced Bolshevists is a great mistake. To hundreds and thousands of these men, it is safe to say, the Soviet

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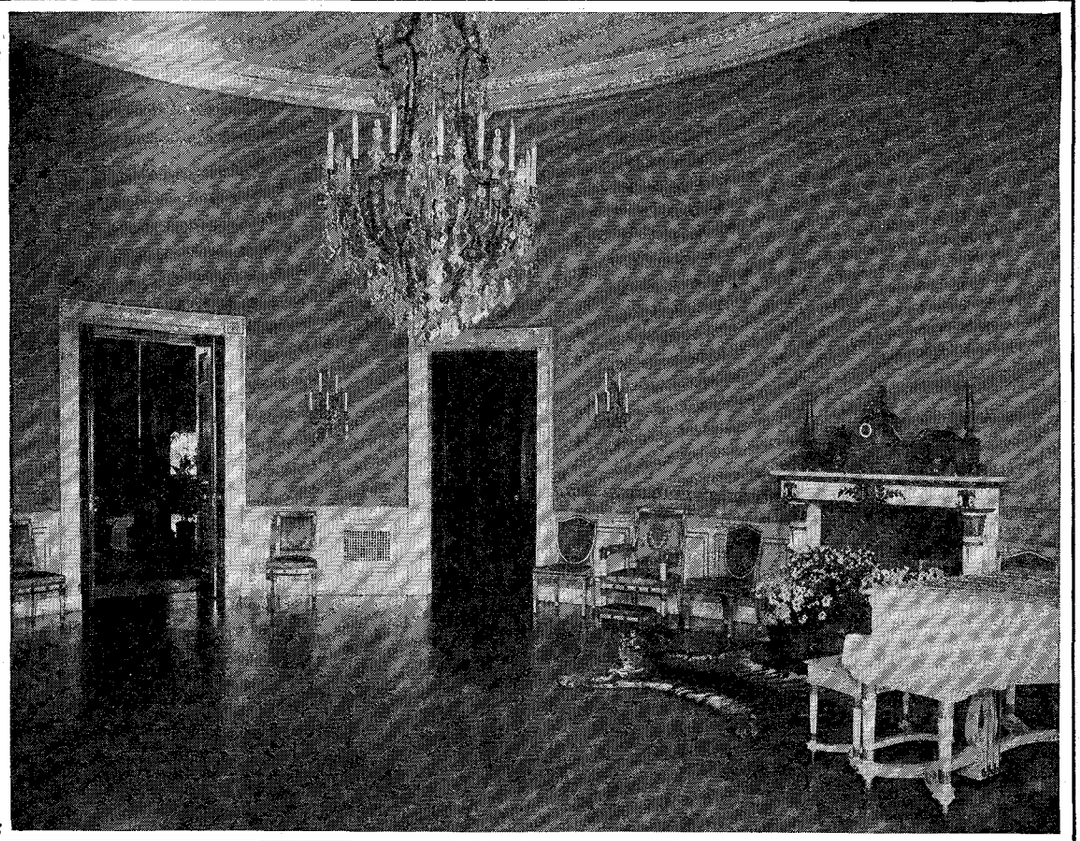

WHO says that America isn't interested in religion and art? The two most violent controversies of the past week have dealt with the Scopes case in Tennessee and the veiled suggestion that the White House ought to be redecorated. When politicians, artists, architects, and ordinary citizens can grow excited over the question whether the President ought to be surrounded with colonial furniture or decorations of the time of Louis XVI, surely we have a right to claim that we are an aesthetic Nation. This is a picture of the Blue Room—a sample of the decorative scheme that started the fight

(C) Harris & Ewing

tion meant no more than a change of name and a change of dress. Under the Czar, with the dreaded title of *okhrana,* they hunted the "enemies of the Czar;" under the Soviet, with the still more dreaded title of *cheka,* they hunted the "enemies of the revolution." To them one task is as congenial as the other.

The situation is found to be very much the same when attention is turned to the great army of professional soldiers which under the czars organized and controlled the traditional forward movement of Russia in all directions—towards the Hagia Sophia on the shores of the Bosphorus; towards the warm waters of the Persian Gulf; towards the high lands of Afghanistan, with India as the ultimate objective; and towards the great plains of China beyond the Great Wall. The exact nature of this movement is not sufficiently grasped. In any case, it was unique in history. It evolved a great profession and, to a large extent, it always developed quite independently of Petrograd. Its only justification was success. Its only condemnation was failure. It had its special rules, its special traditions, its special secrets, and its special methods. Its great strength lay in its adaptability. It made use of everything and every one and found means of turning every circumstance to ·t. It was content to take its time, and when circumstances so demanded to bide its time. It never really abandoned any project, even if that project were allowed to lie dormant for half a century.

To the directors of such a movement the Soviet Revolution undoubtedly came as a tremendous shock. But it was not long before they were gathering together their scattered forces, adapting themselves with tireless energy to new conditions, and finding ways and means for putting the great machine once again in motion. This is really the explanation of what is happening in China to-day.

More than twenty years ago it was the steady advance of Russia into China and the fear, on the part of Japan, of a great coming absorption which brought about the Russo-Japanese War. Less than ten years afterwards this forward movement of Russia into China, checked by the defeat of 1905, had once again been resumed. It was apparently checked again by the Great War, ostensibly abandoned under the Revolution, yet to-day it is seen entirely rehabilitated and being pressed forward with vigor once more. To understand these facts is to understand many things happening to-day in China as elsewhere. The new Russia is merely acting in the old way.

The Unhappy Grammarian

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE lot of a grammarian is not a happy one. My innocent and insouciant excursion into the miry fields of orthoepy and syntax has taught me as much as that, even if it has left me floundering more than ever in the solecistic paths of English speech. I know only one tribute to the philologist —"A Grammarian's Funeral," by Robert Browning—and that is partly an apology. It may perhaps be said that his funeral is the most popular event in a grammarian's career. There are no immutable laws of grammar, as there are, for example, of chemistry. The man who commits a chemical solecism is likely to be blown up by an explosion. But in the English language combining forms alter from generation to generation, and what may be a dangerous mixture of the parts of speech at one time may be a perfectly safe one at another.

Arlo Bates, at one time Professor of English Literature in the Massachusetts

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Institute of Technology, in his entertaining and helpful "Talks on Writing English" says:

> Grammar is the account book of custom; it is in reality a reckoning up of the popular suffrages in regard to verbal proprieties. . . . It is because the general consent has decided that a certain form of the verb shall be plural that the grammarian declares it to be in that number. Grammars follow and formulate custom; they neither precede nor dictate.
>
> The inability of the grammarian to dictate to custom is made especially evident when we consider that thing more subtle than syntax, and in composition no less important, which we call Idiom. That a writer shall be idiomatic is as essential to writing well as the avoidance of solecisms, yet every student of the language knows how elusive and difficult of attainment is a sound understanding of the idioms of any tongue. . . .
>
> An idiom is independent of grammatical rules—sometimes is in distinct violation of them. . . . It decides that we shall write: "More [friends] than one friend has told me," although the subject of "has told" is "friends" understood. An idiom boldly ignores the derivation of words. Since "circumstances" means "things standing around," it is evidently logical to use the phrase, "in these circumstances." The genius of the language decides that the form shall be, "under these circumstances," and whoever writes "in" for "under" not only uses unidiomatic English, but lays himself open to the charge of pedantry. Untranslatable and above rules, Idiom is as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and for him who sins against it there is no pardon.

My trouble began when I ventured in these columns gently to correct a College President for the misuse of "will" and "shall." My only excuse is that in making the correction I did not pose as a grammarian. In the words of Richard Grant White, "I assume no such authority, nor have I ever assumed it, directly or indirectly. I profess no such skill; nor have I ever written or said a word implying such profession. I do not profess—I may say that I hardly try—to write good English. I only profess to know, what hundreds of my readers know as well as I do, when good English is written. Did I not believe that I know this, it would indeed have been presuming in me to write what I have written upon this subject. . . . A man who takes thought about his 'grammar,' and is in an anxious frame of mind as to whether his sentences will parse, may as well lay down his pen"—or, to adapt Richard Grant White's phraseology to modern conditions, may as well discharge his stenographer and typewriter. (I suppose the exacting grammarian would insist that I ought to say "typist," since a typewriter is a machine and cannot be discharged, but only thrown out of the window.)

Arlo Bates, like Richard Grant White, is a champion of Good Usage as against bookworm Grammar. For example, Professor Bates, I am glad to say, stands up for the practice of ending a sentence with a particle. "Do not be afraid to say: 'The subject which I spoke to you about;' 'The conclusion which we came to;' 'The man whom I talked with;' 'This is a cause to stand up for;' 'It is worth living for;' 'A name to conjure with;' and the allied phrases which would never have been tolerated for an instant if the language had been made in libraries instead of having grown up in the lives of people and on the tongues of breathing men." Lord Bacon, the poet Donne, Edmund Burke, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, Cardinal Newman, and James Russell Lowell all use the dangling particle when it is an essential part of the verb to which it is allied.

One of the compensations of my venturesome plunge into the bogs and swamps of English grammar is the discovery, from the unusual number of friendly letters which I have received, of the numbers of people in various parts of the country who, like Arlo Bates, are champions of Good Usage. In a previous article I quoted a correspondent who asserted that a misuse of "will" and "shall" is characteristic of Scotch-Canadians. This has elicited two readable letters. A gentleman in Chicago writes:

> I have read with interest your little article on "Good English" in The Outlook for June 24. I fear that the college president to whom you refer is in a rather numerous company. The words "shall" and "will" are frequently the undoing of otherwise good grammarians; but I never knew before, what your correspondent intimates, that the misuse of these words is peculiar to Scotch-Canadians. From this view I must dissent, although I will not burden you with my reasons.
>
> "Shall" and "will" have been, as Richard Grant White has pointed out, misused by many excellent writers of English. Do you recall the amusing article which the late Robert Barr wrote on this subject many years ago for the "Bookman" when it was edited by Harry Thurston Peck? Nobody would venture to call Barr an authority on the correct use of English, but nevertheless his solution of the difficulty was not without merit. He said he wrote right along without giving thought to the "shalls" and "wills," and when he had finished his manuscript he went over it and carefully changed the "shalls" to "wills" and the "wills" to "shalls," with the result that he was nearly always right. Perhaps if more of us followed this method our score would be higher.

The reasons which this correspondent has suppressed for his dissent from the criticism of a characteristic Scotch solecism may be more effective than I suspect them to be. But, in any event, an unexpected ally in the charge has, to my gratification, appeared in the person of an Iowa clergyman, himself a Scot, who writes as follows:

> In your article in The Outlook of June 24 you refer to the difficulty that many Scotchmen seem to have—a difficulty not confined to the braw men of that breed, of course—of using the words "shall" and "will" correctly. I note that Barrie in "When a Man's Single" recognizes that fact. For when Angus gets his promotion as leader writer on the "Wire" the editor remarks: "By the way, you are Scotch, I think?" "Yes," said Rob. "I only asked," the editor explained, "because of the shall and will difficulty. Have you got over that yet?" "No," said Rob sadly, "and never will." "I shall warn the proof-readers to be on the alert," Mr. Rowbottom said, laughing, though Rob did not see at what.

A correspondent in Connecticut, who has contributed many well-written and readable articles to The Outlook, protests against a violation of good usage by some who profess to be purists:

> I am enjoying your articles on good and bad English. Regarding the latter, I wish I could persuade you to open fire on the host of good writers and speakers who say *either* when they mean *each*. For instance: "on either side of the road lay a broad meadow," and "on either side of the door hung a quaint old lantern." Obviously *each* should be used here, not *either*. Plainly it is intended to convey the meaning that of the two sides of the road two sides were flanked by grass, and again, that of the two sides of the door two sides were illuminated. . . . In short, to misuse either as in

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the examples above is to deprive it eventually of its proper and important meaning—*i. e., one* or the *other,* of two, not *both.* I am aware that Conrad, Galsworthy, and a thousand good writers constantly maltreat *either* in the way I have indicated. But they are wrong; just as wrong as if they should say *shall* for *will.* Look in the Century Dictionary under *either* for support of my contention.

Should and *would,* by the way, are my oldest abominations and pitfalls; thank you for the tip about Richard Grant White's classification of safe ways to handle them in the dark.

There are several other letters on good usage which I should like to quote, but if I should use up any more space on so trifling a subject I am afraid that the managing editor might take violent means to bring about another grammarian's funeral.

A Key to Prosperity

Special Correspondence from Seattle and the National Foreign Trade Convention

By UPTON CLOSE

"Greater Prosperity Through Greater Foreign Trade"

SUCH was the slogan of the twelfth National Foreign Trade Convention of fifteen hundred delegates meeting in Seattle from June 24–26. A notable impression upon the observer was the red-knobbed skull-caps of the Chinese delegation sitting behind the venerable President of the United States Steel Corporation as he called the meeting to order. For the first time American manufacturers and merchants meeting to discuss ways of selling more goods to the merchants of the world took their would-be customers into their confidence. These foreign guests, numbering approximately one hundred, representing the principal nations of the world and enjoying the status of full delegates, sat at desks during the afternoons and told inquirers what goods they and their countrymen wish, how they would prefer them packed, and how they must be financed, shipped, and documented. International trade in America, if one may believe his eyes, is taking on an international aspect—that is to say, the American seller is at last committed to the proposition that the foreign buyer has something to say about the deal; an obvious principle, but one whose nonrecognition has cost American trade dearly.

The Convention voiced an undertone of depression, particularly arising out of the present state of Mid-Western manufactures and the slowness of the domestic market. Along with this was a distinct overtone of hope that foreign trade would make up the loss. This hope, however, as pointed out by the chairman, James A. Farrell, must be based upon hard work in reducing costs of production and distribution, and maintaining integrity of product, and, furthermore, in absolute abandonment of the ordinary American attitude toward foreign markets as merely a second line of defense to be relied upon when depression hits hard at home. America's foreign trade during 1924 was $8,200,000,000—enough to build twenty Panama Canals. It surpassed all records in volume, but this year is even better. The trend in this foreign commerce is toward greater diversity of goods, smaller orders by more numerous firms, and lower prices.

The old slogan that trade follows the flag was not heard in the Convention, but the one which has displaced it—"Trade Follows Investment"—was continually emphasized. A notable case in point mentioned was the large loans made to electric-power concerns in Japan during the last two years and the resultant purchase of huge quantities of American electrical equipment. Cuba is an extreme example. In twenty years there has been a fifty per cent increase in population and a seven hundred per cent increase in trade with the United States, which is attributed to the billion American dollars invested in Cuba. The Chinese delegates made a strong plea for American capital in China; not, however, in the nature of great Government underwritten pools, but rather of joint enterprise between individual American and Chinese business men. The attitude of certain American bankers that it is no business of financiers to inquire how money be spent, provided the security be sufficient, was roundly scored by Dr. H. Parker Willis, of Columbia University. Trade and the Dawes Plan were dwelt upon by one of its authors, Henry M. Robinson, of Los Angeles.

The outlook of the Convention was distinctly toward Pacific Asia, and the China session was more largely attended than all others put together. The Chinese, headed by Lo Pa-hong, of the Shanghai Chinese Chamber of Commerce, and Tse Tsok-kai, of Canton, both electric-power magnates, in addition to being the most picturesque delegation, were the best coached. Fundamental questions, such as the abolition of the comprador, the establishment of direct selling agencies, the peculiarities of advertising, and the necessity of long-term credits, were intelligently discussed. The present political conditions in China were constantly in the background. The delegation asked the American people to have patience, pointed out that in spite of all disturbance the Chinese customs collections increase year by year, but suggested that Chinese-foreign commercial intercourse can never be on a sound and stable basis until the inequalities which China suffers among the family of nations are abolished and she can deal with her sisters as an equal.

Among the addresses given by representatives of the American Government was that of the Hon. J. Butler Wright, Assistant Secretary of State, which emphasized the good will of the State Department for American foreign traders and asked for its continued reciprocation. Most fascinating of these addresses was the able discussion of the problem of commercial aviation by Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut. The great need of aviation is no longer inventors and brave pioneers, but Government supervision, organization of air routes, and preparation of fully equipped air ports and lighted and charted routes. America, according to the Senator, possesses only one air port, that of the Fords, at Detroit. Air commerce equipped with mere landing-fields is as handicapped as would be maritime commerce dependent upon nothing but anchorages. The Senator advocated Federal construction of a few air ports, suggesting the Hackensack Meadows as a site preserved by a foreseeing nature for the very purpose, but stated that in general the preparation of air ports must be a State and local enterprise. America, with her "gypsy pilots," has twice as many serious crashes as occur in European countries. Evidencing the safety of

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air traffic in Europe to-day, jewels shipped from London to Amsterdam by air are insured at one-third the premium required on shipments by sea. The lighter-than-air craft promises a great future for oversea use, but will never compete with the airplane overland, and *vice versa*. These two types require entirely different port facilities. "Time flies. If we would keep up with it, we must fly too."

America's merchant-marine problem received very frank discussion. The Convention went on record as approving a turnover to private interests as rapidly as possible. With all efforts at reorganization and economy, said Rear-Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, President of the United States Fleet Corporation, loss on Fleet Corporation ships cannot be reduced below $13,500 per voyage. The same vessels can be privately operated to lose not more than $4,500. Under their more favorable seamen's laws, the British could operate the same vessels on an even break. It would appear that if the Government has any hope at all of persuading private operators to take the ships it must in some manner put up this competitive differential, totaling some $10,000,000 a year. The alternatives are continued Government operation at a loss of $40,000,000 a year or the disappearance of the American flag at sea.

As might be expected, two opposing views of future trade competition in Pacific Asia came to the fore. Dean Howard T. Lewis, of the College of Business Administration of the University of Washington, called attention to the bitterness of a coming struggle for the markets and minerals of this tempting area, when the very existence of European nations depending upon foreign trade would be involved. Some speakers took this as a call for cold-blooded preparation on the part of America, utilizing every advantage she now possesses over her less fortunate sisters. The opposite note was struck by Professor Edmund A. Walsh, Regent of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, who likewise pointed out that certain areas of the world would become the objects of general covetousness when twenty years from now the oil deposits of America are fully exhausted and the important metals badly depleted. The world has consumed more of its mineral resources during the last twenty years than in all preceding time. But, instead of preparation for a struggle to determine survival of the fittest, Father Walsh called for a development of a code of commercial ethics prohibiting any nation from arbitrarily advancing its commercial interests at the expense and cost of another. The world conscience on the opium trade must be broadened and extended to all manner of commerce—even products not in themselves vicious. This may, he said, express itself in voluntary international agreement for collective action in exploiting remaining essential resources, to replace unrestricted competition, which must inevitably lead to strife. One may indeed hope that the time will come when competitors of all the world will meet, exchange secrets, and share markets as freely as the delegates at this Convention. A thought for the broader subject of international commerce in culture and ideas, as ably brought out in a preliminary address by President Suzzallo, of the University of Washington, supplied a thread of gold that sewed its way through the fabric of the conference.

Seattle.

The Theatrical Performance at Dayton

Editorial Correspondence from Tennessee

By DIXON MERRITT

A LARGE part of the people of Tennessee believe that the anti-evolution law is a fool law and that, of course, it never should have been passed.

Another large part is reputed to believe that the law is sublimely right and supremely wise, only a little less the product of divine inspiration than the first chapter of Genesis itself. I hear of this part constantly, but have not seen it.

Certain negligible fractions of the population hold to all shades of belief between these extremes.

But both large parts and all the negligible fractions except one, and it the most infinitesimal of all, believe that the Scopes case is a farce, unnecessary, serving no useful purpose, pernicious in its effects on religion, on education, on the general welfare of the State and the Nation both for the present and for the future.

Whether this conception of the case is right or wrong, it is good to know that the people of the State are united in belief on one point, for they certainly are wide-sundered as the poles on everything else involved in this show. But they are not wild over their differences or their agreement. Neither their passions nor their prejudices—and they have both in plenty—are greatly aroused. There is less excitement in Tennessee over the Scopes case than there is in New York or Washington. Left alone, the people of Tennessee would not have turned on their heels between having the anti-evolution law and not having it. So far as I can ascertain after diligent search, there was no demand for the passage of the law—none worth counting. After it was passed, the strict constructionists of the Scriptures did not see how it was going to help their cause, and those who hold to the scientific interpretation had no apprehension that it would hurt theirs. Strict constructionists and liberals alike simply did not care anything about it. However much they might have desired a law to their own liking, they could not see how this thing amounted to a hill of beans.

BUT now that it is a law and the question of its constitutionality is raised, men are standing by their opinions—and so are women. Half the people, approximately, want to see the law sustained. The other half—again approximately—want to see it declared unconstitutional. The first half is not made up wholly of those who believe that God created man from the dust of the earth by an instantaneous act, and the latter half is not made up wholly of those who believe that man was evolved through an age-long process. There are firm believers in the theory of evolution—some even who are disposed to teach it as a fact—who hope that the courts will sustain the constitutionality of the law. They do not want the law to remain on the statute-books. They hope that it will be repealed at the next session of the Legislature. But they believe in the right of the Legislature to pass such a law. They

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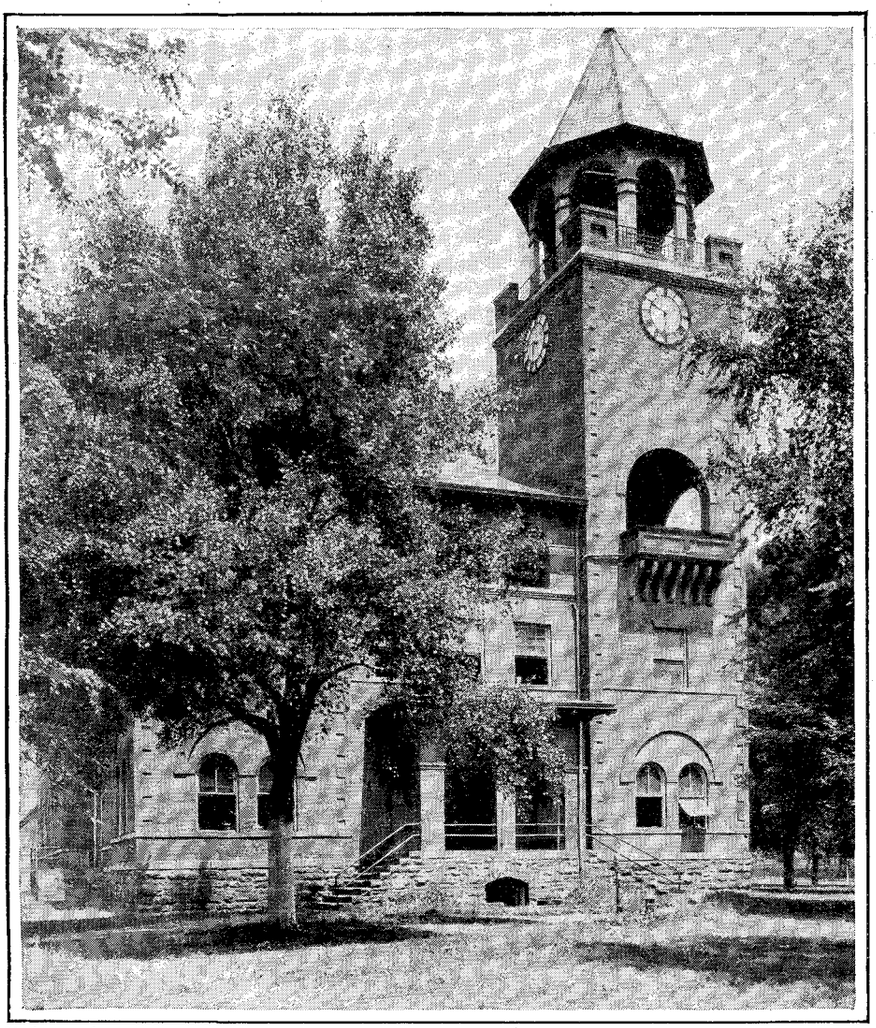

Underwood

The Court-House in Dayton, Tennessee, where it has been planned to stage the trial of John T. Scopes on July 10

think its annulment would set a precedent for the judicial abridgment of a legislative right and that a situation might be brought about which would be worse than having an anti-evolution law on the statute-books. A statute law can be repealed. A judicial law is like unto those of the Medes and Persians for immutability.

All of this means that the people of Tennessee know perfectly well that the least thing involved in this contest is the truth or falsity of the theory of evolution. Indeed, they are pretty well agreed that this is not involved at all, that it will work itself out despite laws. They know that even the Inquisition could not suppress truth, and, when they think of the numerous dead-letter State laws, they know that a Tennessee statute has not the support of a zeal comparable to that which backed up the Inquisition.

The two principles involved in the test of the law, as the people of Tennessee see the situation, are the freedom of a teacher to teach what he believes his pupils ought to know and the right of the State to control its schools. Both principles, of course, are vital. And both of them may be abused. There are people in Tennessee who would be willing to see the teachers of their children fettered by all sorts of legal restrictions so long as those restrictions conform to their own beliefs. There are also people in Tennessee who would be willing to see the State denied the right of reasonable control over the schools which it creates and supports. But the people who think things out are anxious that both of these principles be maintained. They would have the constitutionality of the law sustained, and then they would repeal it. This group, it seems to me, puts the majority on the side of sustaining the law.

If I can interpret Tennessee opinion—and time was when my managing editor counted on me to be within a thousand votes of the final tabulation in a State election—the majority of the people of this State want to see the anti-evolution law sustained by the courts. But this has nothing whatever to do with their belief in the righteousness of the law. Many of them swear at the law and pray for its upholding in the same breath. "I hope the damned law will be sustained." That is a typical expression of those Tennesseans who use expletive for emphasis.

I POSITIVELY have not found one person who sincerely and unqualifiedly believes that the law ought to have been passed. There are such persons, undoubtedly, but I have not been able to run across them. The nearest approach to such a person among all those to whom I have talked is a member of the State Senate who was in the smoking compartment of the Pullman with me between Knoxville and Lebanon. He defended the law in a hot three-hour argument. But he told me when we stood together with our little paper cups at the water-cooler that, having voted for the law, he feels that he ought to defend it and that he does not believe it ever would have been passed if the students of Vanderbilt University had stayed out of the galleries or, being in the galleries, had refrained from demonstrations against the advocates of the bill. He was answering at midnight a question which I had asked him early in the evening—"What were you members of the Legislature thinking about when you passed the bill?" He would have answered when the question was asked had he not been "beaten to it" by a prominent lawyer whose numerous admirers are urging him to run for judge of the Supreme Court. "Now wait a minute," said the lawyer. "The Senator will take up an hour of our time answering that question, and I can do it in ten words. The Legislature did not know it passed the fool thing."

The Senator was peeved, and waited about answering my question till he could do it privately. But my later investigations have led me to believe that the lawyer gave the correct answer. The Legislature knew it passed something, but it probably did not know what. The gentleman from Macon wanted a bill passed; he had not had much during the session, and this did not amount to a row of pins; let him have it. Probably they thought they were "passing the buck" to Governor Peay. They were. He accepted it. Probably he was willing to let the Legislature stew in its own broth, and certainly he took care that the strict constructionists of Genesis did not fry him in his own fat. He may have believed in the law, but, whether he did or not, he played his cards close to his chest.

That is what I gather from a great many people, some of them prominent

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in the professions in the cities, but most of them conforming pretty closely to the average citizen in the rural districts. As I write this article, I am seated under a box-elder tree in my front yard in the Twenty-First Civil District of Wilson County. I am six miles and a half from a town, in the real country. Across the road from me is Jacob's Hill Methodist Church. Half a mile down the road is Rocky Valley Baptist Church. It is a country neighborhood of orthodox Protestants who have always taken the Bible as it is written. The views I have expressed are my neighbors' views quite as much as they are the views of scientists with whom I have talked.

My nearest neighbor on the south is the Methodist preacher. My mother came home from church last Sunday and told me that the preacher had said in his sermon that he believed in evolution. I went over to the parsonage in the evening to talk with him. I found that he does believe in evolution, but that, like most other men, he would put his own construction on it. He believes in the virgin birth of Jesus, and he is firmly convinced that the teaching in the public schools of any theory of evolution contrary to this belief would be detrimental. But he believes that the anti-evolution law has done harm, and that the situation which it has brought about will continue to be harmful.

My nearest neighbor on the north is a good farmer, prosperous and agriculturally progressive. His folks and my folks came over into the Basin together from tidewater when this country was in process of settlement. His grandfather sawed the lumber and supervised the building of the Methodist church. His father and mother were closely identified with the work of that church, as he and his wife are to-day.

Well, this neighbor to the north came with his wife and three small boys to see us one evening pretty shortly after I got down here. After we had finished with all the problems of the farms, I tried to get him to talk about evolution. He refused to do it except to say that it is a question that he does not feel himself competent to discuss. He is willing to leave the expounding of science to the teachers and the expounding of religion to the preachers, and he does not see that they need any help from the Legislature.

One evening I ran down on Hurricane Creek to see a neighbor whose mentality I have always admired. He strengthened that admiration by getting out his files of The Outlook and going over several of my articles. Then we talked about the anti-evolution law. He believes in evolution, with reservations. All the rest of the universe may have evolved, but man came into existence by a special creative act. Or, even if man did evolve like the rest, boys and girls in the public schools would not be benefited by being taught the fact. In short, high school teachers and high school pupils have no business bothering with evolution in the classroom. But, even so, why not take care of the situation by means of the curricula which the State prescribes rather than by laws infringing upon the freedom of all teachers?

I spent the better part of an afternoon on the back seat of an automobile with the Professor of Philosophy in a small but ancient and honorable university. One of his degrees is Bachelor of Divinity from Union Theological Seminary. When the university was a Presbyterian institution, he was dean of the theological faculty and Professor of New Testament Interpretation. He believes in evolution and teaches it in his classes, but he calls what he teaches theistic evolution. He does not believe in pantheistic or deistic evolution. He insists on a theory of evolution which recognizes a Creator. He introduced me to the term "sectarian evolution." "And," said he, "I had rather have Baptist theology or Methodist theology—yes, or even Roman Catholic theology—taught in the public schools than to have sectarian evolution taught there." He defines sectarian evolution as any theory of evolution which infringes on the field of religion. He says that a great many teachers are teaching that kind of evolution. He believes, of course, that they should not do it. He believes that a callow youth like John Thomas Scopes should not teach evolution at all. But he believes that the anti-evolution law has done harm to the cause of religion, which it was meant to serve. He believes that it should never have been passed. But, now that it has been passed, he hopes it will be upheld.

So it goes all over the State and among all classes of people. I cannot find the person who believes the law a wise one. I can find plenty of them who believe the Legislature had the right to enact it and who hope that the courts will sustain it.

The Scopes case is something else. Tennessee generally is resentful of what is being done about the young science teacher of the Rhea County High School, at Dayton. In the first place, the lawyers to whom I have talked believe, without exception, that the method chosen for testing the law is an undignified and unseemly method. It is a method by which laws are not ordinarily tested in Tennessee. There was no need, I am assured by numerous and able lawyers, for having anybody arrested. Tests are being made at this particular time of the constitutionality of at least half a dozen laws passed at the last session of the Legislature, and only in this one case has an arrest been made. In all of the other cases the proceeding was begun by the filing of a bill in Chancery. In each case the judge of the Chancery Court will pass upon the petition, declaring the law either constitutional or unconstitutional and giving the reasons for his decision. An appeal will be taken to the Court of Appeals, and then to the Supreme Court, and the justices of these Courts will in turn give their reasons for sustaining the law or for declaring it null. This is the ancient and accepted method of testing the constitutionality of a law in Tennessee. The bar generally is outraged at the theatrical departure made in the Scopes case.

I am informed by a prominent Baptist layman—who thinks that the law should never have been passed—that an effort was making some months back to file a bill in Chancery in the usual way, but that it failed because those who should have been the petitioners balked for fear of the wrath of the strict constructionists should the Courts declare the law unconstitutional. Before other petitioners were found Scopes got himself arrested and the stage director began lining up his cast of characters for the theatrical performance at Dayton.

William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow are running a close race for the unpopularity prize in Tennessee. Bryan, as usual, has the lead two weeks before election. Darrow may win the unenviable prize in the end. As it stands to-day, lawyers may sneer at Darrow as an athiest, but they recognize him as a lawyer of ability. Even those who applaud Bryan for his Fundamentalism smile at him as a lawyer. The Baptist layman already referred to, himself an able equity lawyer, said to me: "What business do you think William Jennings Bryan, who has not tried a lawsuit in twenty-five years, has coming here to assist the bench and bar of Tennessee in the trial of a little misdemeanor case that any judge ought to be able to dispose of in a couple of hours?"

The rest of the country may enjoy the show at Dayton, but Tennessee will not get any fun out of it.

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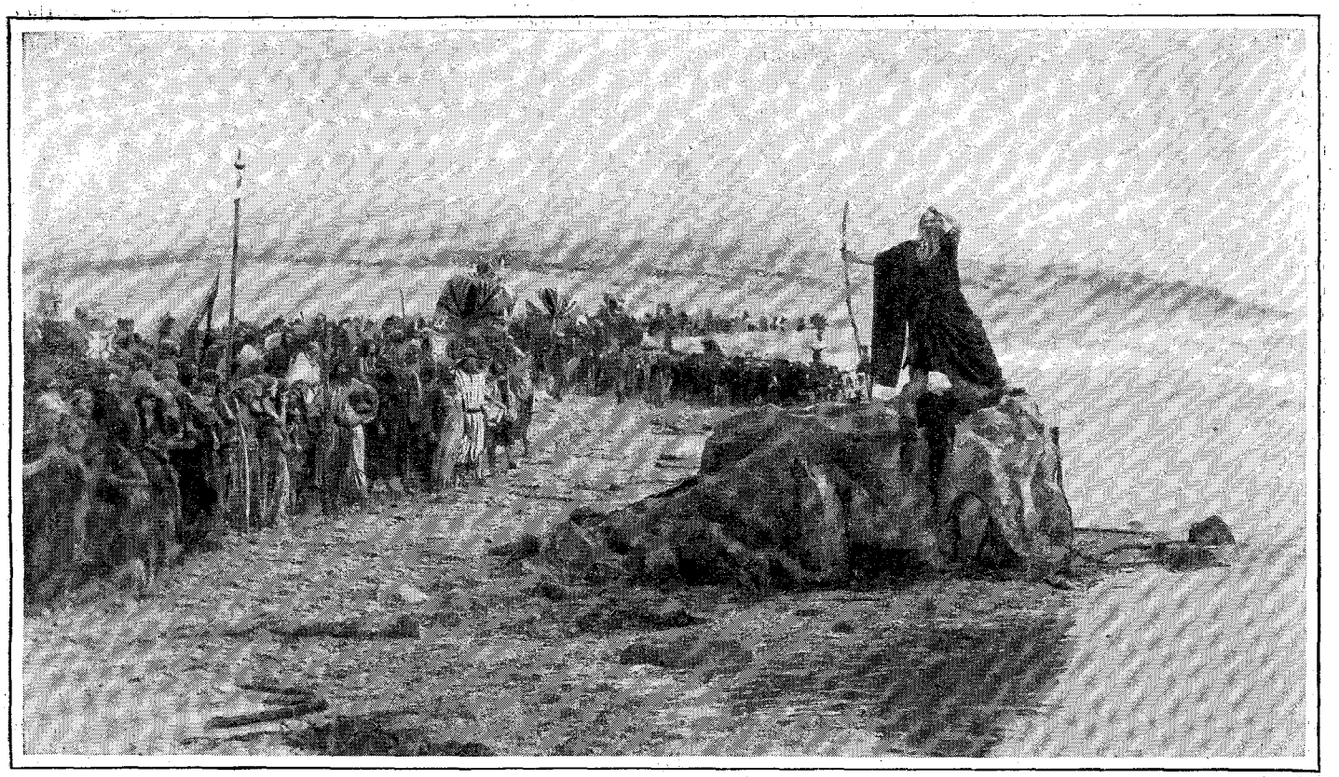

Theodore Roberts as Moses in "The Ten Commandments"

Exploiters Magnificent

By RUFUS STEELE

The film field has developed a propaganda that takes its toll in millions

THE evening of Friday, April 17, witnessed a congestion in Broadway, New York, just above Times Square, that retarded and suspended traffic and finally necessitated the calling out of the police reserves. The mounted captain whose men succeeded after long effort in opening a lane through the mass of thousands of human beings said that he had never seen a mob so good-naturedly yet so stubbornly intent on holding its place. The occasion was the *première* showing of a motion picture—Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans-Gêne." The throng was there to gape at the eighteen hundred favored persons—some having had to quit their limousines two blocks away—whose precious pasteboards would admit them to the Rivoli picture theater. About half the audience came as invited guests; the others bought their tickets to a movie at $5 apiece—plus whatever commission the ticket agency saw fit to tack on!

The night brought a new climax to the Great White Way. Theater-goers suddenly remembered that the sensational First Nights of the past three years—practically all of them—had had to do, not with the speaking stage, but with the silent drama. Broadway was also choked, although not so completely, when "The Ten Commandments," "The Covered Wagon," "Robin Hood," and "The Thief of Bagdad" came to town. Each of those opened in a "legitimate" theater specially hired. But "Madame Sans-Gêne" came to one of the regular "picture temples," and the glory of its opening outshone everything that had gone before. The street crowd was larger and more determined, and the scene within was actually of persons of social and political importance reacting as excitedly as at any big night at the opera to an elaborately made picture and the personal appearance of its popular star. During its first week the picture took in $41,300, against a previous best record for that rather small theater of $35,000, and the returns during the three weeks it held the screen indicated that the glamour of that unprecedented first night was sufficient to fill practically every seat at every performance—not, to be sure, at $5 apiece!—from mid-morning until midnight.

Broadway showmen saw in this *première*, not the success of a fine picture made in the identical places in France where the scenes of Sardou's great comedy were laid, but the achieving of new heights by an elaborate and gorgeous press agentry which it has remained for the films to call into existence. The fact is, the able press agents—exploiters magnificent would seem to be a more fitting name for them—began to prepare for that opening night on the very day, seven or eight months before, that officials of the Famous Players-Lasky Company set sail for Paris, accompanied by the American star, cameramen and technical men, many crates of cameras and lighting equipment, and an unlimited letter of credit. It was whispered to the newspapers at the time that this was in reality a new kind of a mission of good will setting out for France. It would show the French Government the compliment of proposing to picturize the favorite comedy of a famous French dramatist with an American star and American capital, but with a French director, a French cast and *ensemble*, faithfully made French costumes, and the French Ministry of Art invited to

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supervise the filming of the scenes in those places which the French people revere.

The French Government was duly shown. The cables were presently announcing the triumph of the mission in the granting by the Ministry of Art of permission to use the palaces of Fontainebleau and Compiègne and the priceless treasures of the Napoleonic time. The successive steps in the picturizing of the story of the washerwoman-duchess became of actual news importance, and the press agents so interlarded their stories of current events with French history and French historic shrines that vast numbers of stay-at-home Americans came to know as much of Fontainebleau and Compiègne as though they had covered the ground under the guidance of Mr. Cook.

Gloria Swanson's superb work in the rôle played on the stage by Réjane, Terry, Kidder, and Simone, her election to the French Academy, her marriage to the Marquis de Falaise de la Coudray, her serious illness, her triumphant return to New York just ahead of the *première* showing, to be greeted by six hundred thoughtfully chosen guests at a dinner and reception of regal splendor at the Ritz-Carlton, were matters shared in alluring detail with countless readers of newspapers, picture-trade papers, and picture-fan magazines. For half a year the exploitation department worked as faithfully as the production department in bringing "Madame Sans-Gêne" gloriously to the screen. The crowning inspiration of the exploiters magnificent came even as all the tickets for the *première* were being mailed to prominent persons who were desired as guests. Half of the tickets were snatched back from the mail bag—some of them calling for seats in the tiptop of the balcony—to be offered to the general public at $5 each!

"A great picture," was Broadway's verdict after the news of the great first night had been carried everywhere in the press despatches, "but, being foreign in its story and atmosphere and people, it never would have knocked the country cold except for that perfect ballyhoo."

It was "Robin Hood" that established definitely, some three seasons ago, the possibilities of the super-ballyhoo. The agile Douglas Fairbanks had spent much money on a picture out of his usual style. It was a lively melodrama of the outlaw of Sherwood Forest, but it was "costume," and Mr. Fairbanks's managers felt that a considerable hazard was involved. They resolved to assure the public's taste for the new picture by whetting the public's appetite in advance. During the many months that the film was being shot at Hollywood its incredibly tall castles, its mediæval splendors, and the historic glamour of Robin Hood and his deeds were carried into the public consciousness by all the familiar press-agent methods and by new and ingenious methods not previously employed. Finally, an innocent tailor was pinned to a wall in the very heart of New York by a flight of arrows, which museum experts traced back, with many references to the sprightly Robin Hood, to the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted. On the opening night of "Robin Hood" the theater was fairly stormed. It was suspected that the athletic leaders of the

Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans-Gene"

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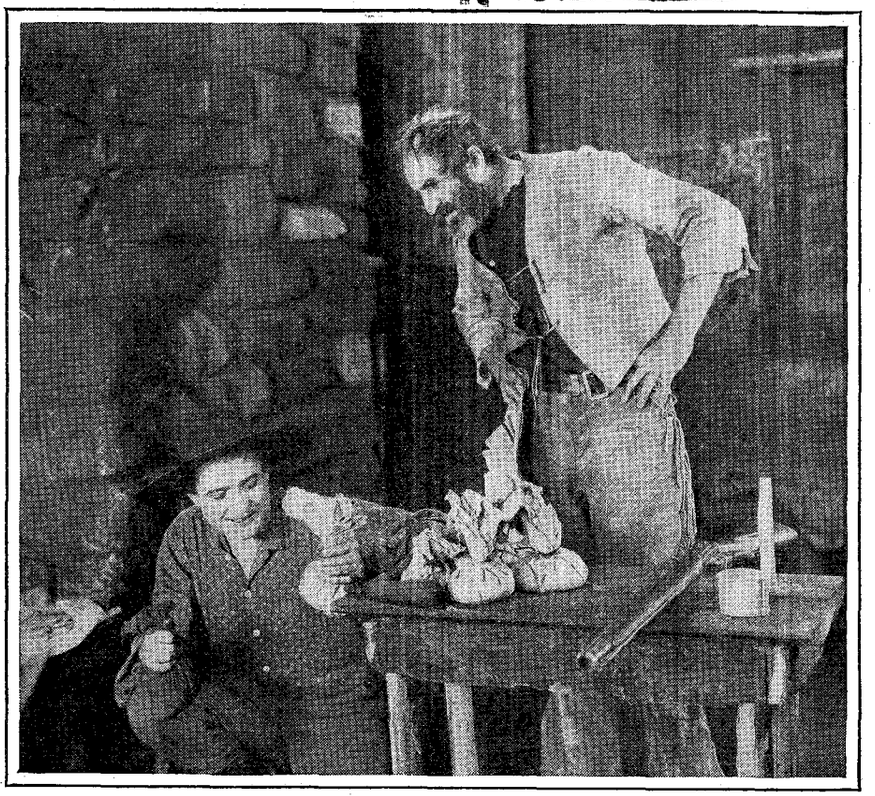
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

crowd that sought to crash the lobby were hired by the management, but, if so, their wages might have been saved, for the new exploitation had done even more than was hoped and the enthusiasm of the public was actually at fever heat. It was weeks before one could comfortably get into that theater. When "The Thief of Bagdad" came to town a year later, "Doug" needed all his vaunted strength and quickness to save Mary Pickford, his wife, from being injured in the throng that surged in response to what his exploitation department had done.

In the case of that fabulously lucrative film venture "The Covered Wagon" the head of the exploitation unit not only directed the far-reaching ballyhoo, but, so goes the inside story, he stepped into an unheard-of authority and had much to do with dictating the scale of the picture itself. "The Covered Wagon" was originally intended to be a mere programme picturization of Emerson Hough's novel of the first caravan to cross the continent in 1848. The three top directors of the Famous Players-Lasky organization were offered the story in succession, and each exercised a privilege written in his contract and declined to accept the directing. James Cruze saw possibilities in the historic migration, and agreed to undertake the bossing of its re-enactment. When he spread out his company on the desert for the opening shots, the sand and sage seemed to swallow his outfit in a manner that was almost ludicrous. He believed he must have far more paraphernalia and a much larger number of players. The exploitation man, already on the ground in quest of material, had an overnight vision of enormous possibilities, and his vigorous representations to the company's New York office, first by wire and then in person, are said to have had everything to do with the doubling of the appropriation. While the picture was proceeding on the new scale in a desert region still free from chewing-gum and tire signboards the exploitation man was consistently arousing the country to the wonder and importance of that first great transit of the plains. Everybody was happily expectant on the eve of the opening of the picture on Broadway at the Criterion Theatre—everybody but the exploitation man himself. Having thoroughly sold his corporation and the country at large on this picture, he was at the last thrown into a panic by the suggestion within his own soul that perhaps he had done his work too well. Was "The Covered Wagon" really the elephant's eyebrows, or had mistaken enthusiasm led him into inducing his people to put $750,000 into something that was only a "Western" on a larger scale and that couldn't hope to bring back its cost? Would his extraordinary exploitation result merely in his being laughed off the earth? For a press agent his state was pitiful.



Warren Kerrigan and Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon"

The opening night and the criticisms of the following morning proved that these heavy fears sprang only from the natural melancholy that shrouds genius's soul. "The Covered Wagon" was pronounced by many critics the cinema's masterpiece. It was declared to have set one of the mighty footsteps of the race to echoing in the world again. And everybody everywhere, as became apparent during the next year or so, insisted that that footstep must be taken before his very eyes. Exploitation had done a sublime job. "The Covered Wagon" ran for fifty-nine weeks at the little Criterion Theatre and took in $600,000. Meanwhile another copy ran thirty-four weeks at a larger Los Angeles theater and the box-office collected $712,000. Boston and Chicago each paid the tribute of a $300,000 seat sale during the opening runs in those cities. Ten road companies traveled for forty weeks with copies of the picture, and the receipts of every company averaged $10,000 a week during the entire ten months. "The Covered Wagon" took in $6,000,000 before it ever got to the picture theaters at all. As the admission charge averaged $1, this means that 6,000,000 persons saw the picture at these special showings. From the present bookings the producers estimate a total gross from the picture of $10,000,000. Such a staggering return as this bespeaks, naturally, a smoothly functioning distributing organization, but the success of the epic "Covered Wagon" is directly traceable to the vision of an exploiter and his ability to kindle the imagination of ticket-buying multitudes.

"The Ten Commandments," also collecting its millions, was made familiar to every man, woman, and child willing to read wonder stories about it during the year that its filming was taking place. An appeal to the general interest in anything as basic as the rules of moral conduct was supplemented by a special appeal to religious leaders of every faith and kind. While the picture was running afternoons and nights for the paying public in Times Square, it was running mornings for invited audiences of Protestant ministers, Catholic priests, and Jewish rabbis. Thousands of sermons were preached in churches of every denomination with a bit of the picture itself flashed upon a screen above the pulpit as the text. Just now Buddhist Asia is paying tiny admission fees that aggregate huge sums to witness the film version of Moses receiving the tablets of the law, and this is the highest compli-

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ment that could be paid, perhaps, to the power of the new exploitation.

There is of record an example of what may happen to a meritorious big picture when the super-ballyhoo is omitted. Some months ago a film depicting the life of one of the most inspiring and most popular figures in American history opened at a legitimate Broadway theater. The producers had done their work well. In fact, they had gone to such pains in getting their picture ready for the public that it had seemed to them unnecessary to spend an additional $50,000 or $75,000 in getting the public ready for their picture. The film created a mild breeze at the opening and, although praised by the critics, it settled down after the first week to a run that did not half fill the house. Those who saw it spoke of it with enthusiasm, but the general public hardly felt the picture at all. The crowds passed it by for no better reason, apparently, than that they missed the newspaper, magazine, billboard, and electric-sign onslaught that could compel them to stop, look, and listen. The producers had expected to conclude a highly satisfactory distributing contract as soon as they had stunned Broadway. As a matter of picture history, they were three months in inducing a first-class distributer to take on the film on any terms because the very mildness of Broadway's reception had turned a thoroughly fine picture into a piece of cold turkey.

"Big picture specials absolutely require this sort of thing to-day," declared a producer whose publicity department has helped to create the new form of exploitation. "We cheerfully put a fortune into a picture, and we've had to learn how to wake up the country to the picture, because only in that way could we be sure of getting a fortune out. But woe unto the producer who shall dare to wake up the country under false pretenses! If his picture isn't of the dimensions he has promised, he will reap a public reaction after the opening showing that will wreck, not only his financial hopes, but his own future as a large-scale producer. When you are inviting the whole American picture-going public to be your audience, I don't believe you will ever be able to fool it even once."

"The Good Boys of Europe"

By Dr. A. L. P. DENNIS

Author of "Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia"

An intimate picture of the growth and aspirations of a nation born of the war

THE Czechoslovaks are an ardently patriotic people. They were our only "allies" in the recent war, and both by their bravery in the field and by the vigor of their support for democratic theories in peace have endeared themselves to the popular imagination of most Americans. The presence in America of hundreds of thousands of Czech and Slovak immigrants has also stimulated our interest, while the majestic personality of Dr. Masaryk has given us all a refreshing impression of the value to a new state of the lofty morality and keen statesmanship which he exemplifies. No wonder, therefore, that we are apt to think of the Czechoslovaks as "the good boys of Europe."

These facts have not been lost on the Czechs. Their propaganda presses have been working overtime to drive such ideas home, and in countless ways every effort has been made to stimulate American approval and interest. I felt, therefore, when recently I went to Prague, that after a long trip through strange lands I should find a situation at which I could heartily rejoice. Many friends had spoken with such enthusiasm of the region and of the beautiful capital that I came with every prejudice in favor of this revived and enlarged Bohemia with its romantic history and interesting present political situation.

As usual during this long and entertaining trip to the capitals of ten different European states, it was soon possible to see the people whom I wanted to. But I have made it a rule never to quote men in public life, and, furthermore, I gathered certain impressions for which I alone am responsible. So no one can be taxed with misleading me or giving me false notions as to the arduous task which still faces the Czechoslovaks.

Only six years and a half have passed since the independence of Czechoslovakia was proclaimed. There was, of course, the long tradition of Austrian rule and bureaucracy. On top of these administrative practices there came a horde of Czechs burning with their fresh patriotism and eager to assert their newly discovered authority. Small wonder, then, that numerous incidents had occurred to foreigners at the frontiers which were, to say the least, annoying. As one Czech said to me, "We have not had the right men at the frontiers to inspect and to control." This aspect of affairs was rapidly improving while I was in Prague, and certainly I met with the greatest courtesy whenever I crossed the boundaries.

Charges of corruption and graft among minor officials of the Government were, however, common. There had been cases which had led to the condemnation and conviction of high officials, and the weight of public opinion and the high standards set by President Masaryk had quickly dealt with these. The petty graft still continued in some departments, and in respect to education and land it was said quite openly that a candidate for a small position as teacher had frequently to cross the palm of some one of the administration staff in order to secure an appointment. So also in the Land Office, which has charge of the redistribution of large estates, there were instances which would not bear investigation. Some of the landowners in making up their private budgets put down annually a certain sum for bribery. When I taxed Czech officials with the state of affairs, their frank answer was: "We are a new state; there have been delay and confusion. In any case, don't you have graft in America? What about your oil cases?" I replied: "Of course, we have graft; but you must remember that you are 'the good boys of Europe.'"

PERHAPS one of the reasons for this small sort of corruption is the fact that in many branches of the public service the pay is almost ludicrously small. To make up for this, officials are usually not expected to work later than 2 P.M., and after that are permitted to engage in private business. In this way they are able to earn an income. The net result is

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that every one sits watching the clock until 2 P.M. Then such officials and officers can engage in the real business of life, namely, to support themselves and their families. The average salary of a major in the Czech army is less than that of a well-paid chauffeur. Furthermore, it is only natural that an engineer or an officer in the quartermaster's department should engage in his private life in the same sort of business with which he is familiar as a public official. Specifications, supplies, and contracts, some of them for the state, occupy his attention in private after 2 P.M., possibly to the detriment of his services as a public officer. Certainly there have been charges against a few officers who tried to increase their incomes in illegitimate ways. While I was in that part of the world they even arrested a general on the charge of selling military secrets to a foreign country.

THE Czech army is an interesting special study. In passing, let me note that the real direction is in the hands of French staff officers. They are slowly developing a Czech General Staff. The plans for the maneuvers of last summer in Slovakia were, however, drawn up by French officers. The artillery is good, the cavalry is not so good, and the infantry is excellent. The air service is moderate and the other branches mediocre. The Czechs, however, still labor under the impression that they have the Hungarians to fear. Much more likely is it that their danger may come from Germany, particularly in view of their relations with France. The fact is that the Czech army is much too expensive a body and too large for such a relatively small country to support. Of this the Foreign Office is well aware. Indeed, one of the first steps after the signature of the Geneva Protocol last September, in which Dr. Benes, the Foreign Secretary, took such an active part, was to reduce the army estimates. Now, with the whole question of the Protocol up for discussion, these estimates have been revised and in part restored to the previous high figure.

Prague is a good place from which to view the foreign relations of various other countries as well as those of Czechoslovakia. The charm of the city, its splendid situation, and the memories of its long history, which carry us back to the tragic beginnings of the Thirty Years' War, all combine to give to impressions gained there a lasting value. Here it is not only the Foreign Office which counts, but the psychology of the people, which is involved. Nearly every one speaks German and many speak a certain kind of English. So, as you wander about and chat with all sorts and conditions, you gain information which later you carefully check and compare. Thus comes the realization that in international affairs Prague is "no mean city."

As regards Poland, the average Czech thinks he is infinitely superior to the Pole; as regards Rumania, he knows that he is better than the Rumanian. With the latter, however, he is bound by the terms of the Little Entente—a virtual alliance, if we consider the terms of the secret military conventions which supplement the open terms of understanding. He therefore chafes at the dangers of the Bessarabian frontier and wishes that Rumania might have settled that matter with Soviet Russia. As regards Russia, last September it was open gossip that Dr. Benes was in favor of *de jure* recognition. Such a step was not taken, however, for the other members of the alliance—Rumania and Jugoslavia—were opposed. The strength internationally of Jugoslavia has impressed the Czech; but he is well aware of the conflict of races within the newly formed state. The internal situation of Serbia, therefore, gives him pause.

As regards Austria, there is a real jealousy in financial circles concerning the relative future importance of Vienna and Prague. It is only natural that Prague bankers should claim that Vienna had lost its position as the financial center of this part of Europe. However, the traditions and facilities which have existed in Vienna will probably continue to exert their influence. Those who hold such views are not popular at Prague. With regard to Hungary, relations might be improved. The difficulty lies in the fact that there exists in Hungary a natural opposition against Czechoslovakia because of the terms of the Trianon Treaty, which despoiled Hungary of much territory. The Czech hopes, however, that with the rehabilitation of Hungarian finances under the direction of Mr. Jeremiah Smith, Jr., of Boston, a better economic situation may develop which will promote trade and commerce. But "the Hungarians must simply agree to accept the terms of the treaty;" and the average Czech points with pride to the fact that he did not claim from Hungary the frontiers which he alleges he might have done in 1919. I wonder.

We can still remember Mr. Lloyd George's contemptuous phrase regarding the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in 1914 when he described it as "a ramshackle Empire." Since that date the Empire has certainly been shaken to pieces politically. Gradually, however, the real forces of economics have discovered that this "Balkanization" of eastern central Europe has its difficulties. Austria-Hungary before the war was an integral and valuable economic unit in Europe. To slice across its territory in deference to assertions of race was to break up by customs lines and tariffs an area that should be really a "free-trade" unit. Here lies the main difficulty to peace in this part of the world. The political psychology of the various peoples who inhabit this region must gradually give way before those natural and advantageous economic forces are permanent. This was the gospel that I preached everywhere I went, and at Prague I found a moderate support.

Such racial divisions, however, are also to be found within Czechoslovakia. The Slovaks still complain that they are deprived of autonomy, which was promised to them in 1918. When Dr. Masaryk was in America, a meeting was held at Pittsburgh which prominent Slovaks attended. There an agreement was signed pledging to Slovakia a degree of real self-administration. To-day, unfortunately, practically no steps have been taken by the Czechs to redeem this engagement. Everywhere in Slovakia are large numbers of Czech officials. Czech soldiers are billeted in the villages, whose inhabitants receive only a pittance as compensation for such destructive use of their property.

YET I am not really pessimistic as to the Czechoslovaks. Their propaganda has overreached itself; the country has extremely difficult problems, especially those relating to the army and to land, still to face. President Masaryk is an old man of seventy-five; when he dies, the great moral force for which he has so firmly stood must be exercised in other hands. At present overproduction in industry has handicapped the country's real economic force. Corruption has not been scotched and politics draws its slimy trail across public business. Nevertheless the splendid devotion to education and to athletics which is so characteristic of Czech life to-day is encouraging. The courtesies of life are common and the virility of the new generation is marked. The trickiness of which their enemies accuse them I did not see. Everywhere an American was received and welcomed, even though he charged the Czechs at times with not living up to their reputation as "the good boys of Europe."

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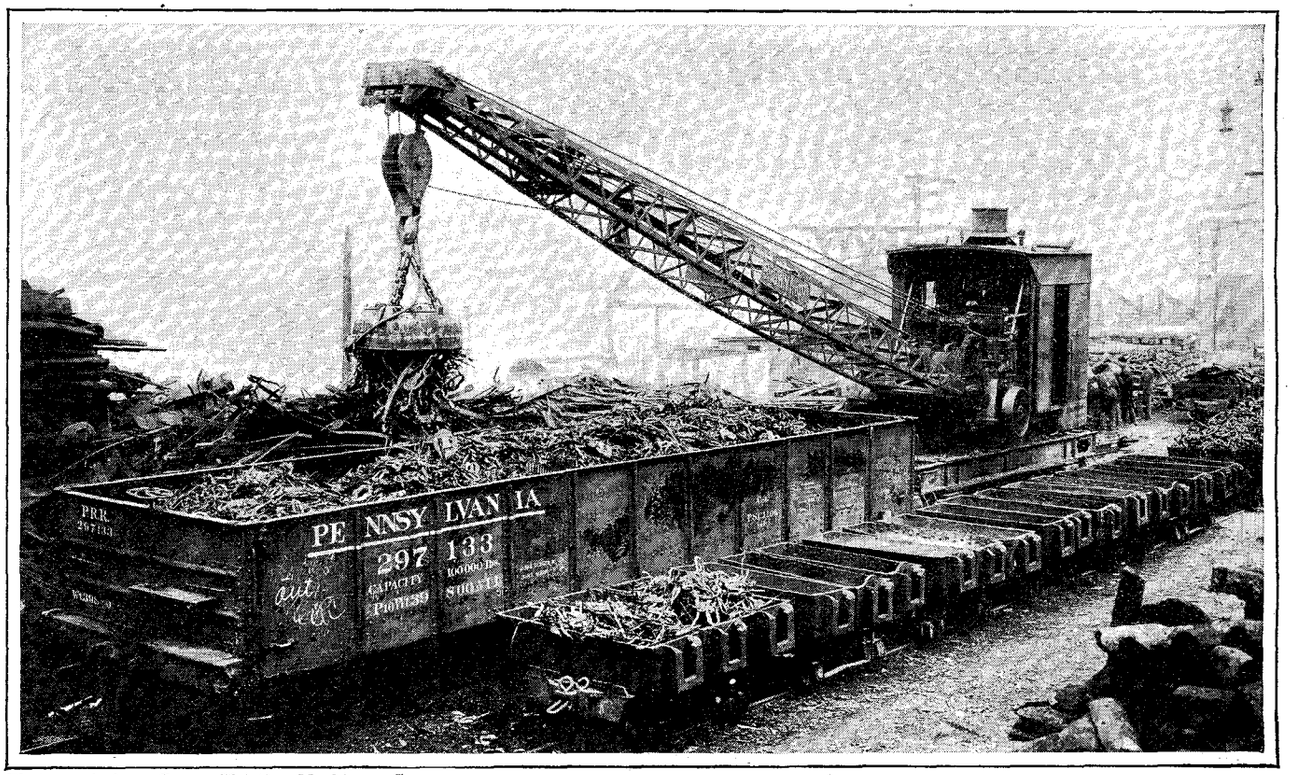

Photograph from Brown Hoisting Machinery Co.

The greatest labor saver known to industry. Lifting magnet unloading iron and steel scrap at a steel plant

The Most Attractive Thing in Industry

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

IT was a strange and unaccountable fate that kept industry and the lifting magnet apart for nearly seventy years. There has probably never been another case in which a contrivance of equal potential value to the human race lingered so long in the laboratory before emerging to take its destined place in the workaday world.

The lifting magnet is merely an electromagnet adapted to one of the innumerable uses that have been found for that century-old device. Electromagnets were perfectly familiar to scientific men well before the year 1830. Moreover, about that time there was keen rivalry among experimenters in producing magnets of great lifting power. The man who beat all others in the world in this competition was Professor Joseph Henry, afterward one of the biggest of big guns in American scientific circles. Henry's magnets, which lifted hundreds of pounds, were exhibited at public lectures, so that inventive Yankeedom might have been expected to grasp their practical possibilities. In "Silliman's Journal" for April, 1831, appeared an account of a magnet built by Henry for the laboratory of Yale University. It lifted a weight of 2,300 pounds! Let me remind you that there were no "dynamos" in those days to supply electric current for such a device. The current was generated by a galvanic battery. Whoever saw that Herculean magnet perform in 1831 and did not foresee the lifting magnets that are ubiquitous today in the iron and steel industry must have been incredibly myopic.

Some attempts to utilize magnets in this industry were made in Germany about 1889 and in the United States a little later. It was not, however, until the year 1895 that the lifting magnet began to gain a real footing in the industrial world, and another decade elapsed before it became a common adjunct of industry.

Something of what the long neglect of this contrivance meant in terms of money wasted and human labor misapplied will be clear to anybody who considers the feats it is performing at the present moment. Probably, however, its capabilities are not even yet fully realized.

Cranes, derricks, and hoists are ages old, but none of them have ever vied with the lifting magnet in its peculiar task of handling iron and steel. It picks up objects of such material—separately, or in bundles, or in jumbled heaps—with no preliminary bother of adjusting hooks, slings, and tackle. A switch is closed; the load leaps to the magnet and clings like grim death. The process of depositing the load is equally simple. No releasing of hooks and chains. No human effort or loss of time.

A huge safe, a keg of nails, and a pile of pig iron are all one to the lifting magnet. It is a broom that sweeps up a litter of iron and steel scrap to the last particle. It will dig its burden out of the snow or handle it red-hot from the furnace. It dives fathoms under water to salvage cargoes that could not be recovered without prohibitive cost by any other method. Once a ship jettisoned a quantity of nails. The wooden kegs were broken open and the nails were scattered over the bottom of the sea. Later a magnet fished them all up, thousands at a time.

No wonder the lifting magnet has been described as the greatest labor saver known to industry.

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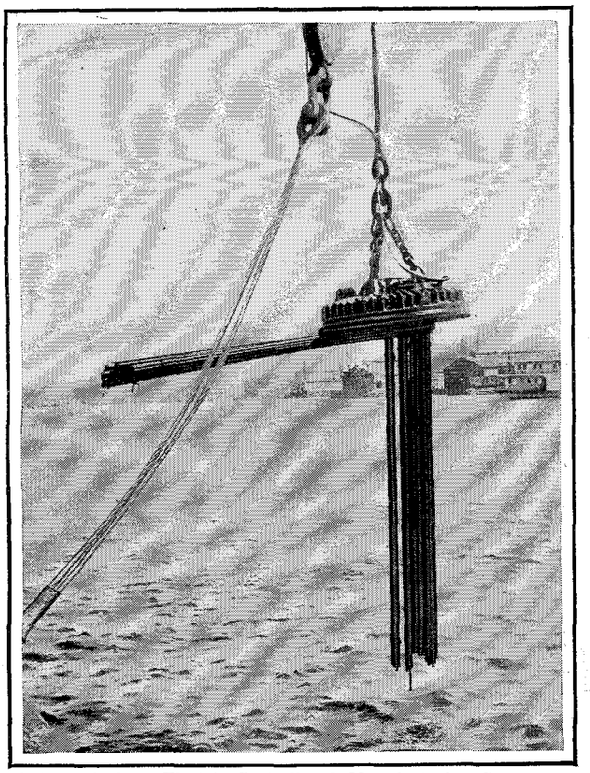
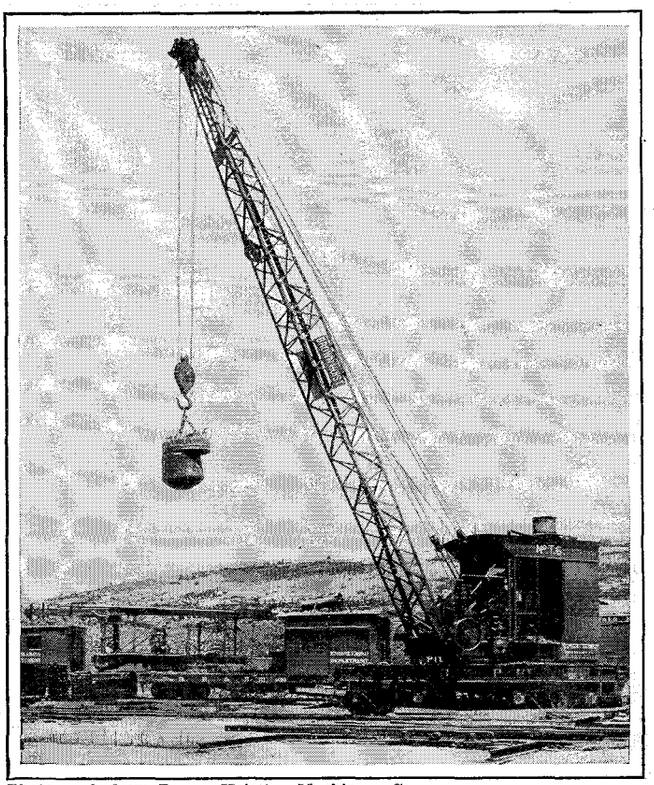


Photograph from Electric Controller & Manufacturing Co.

The magnet goes fishing

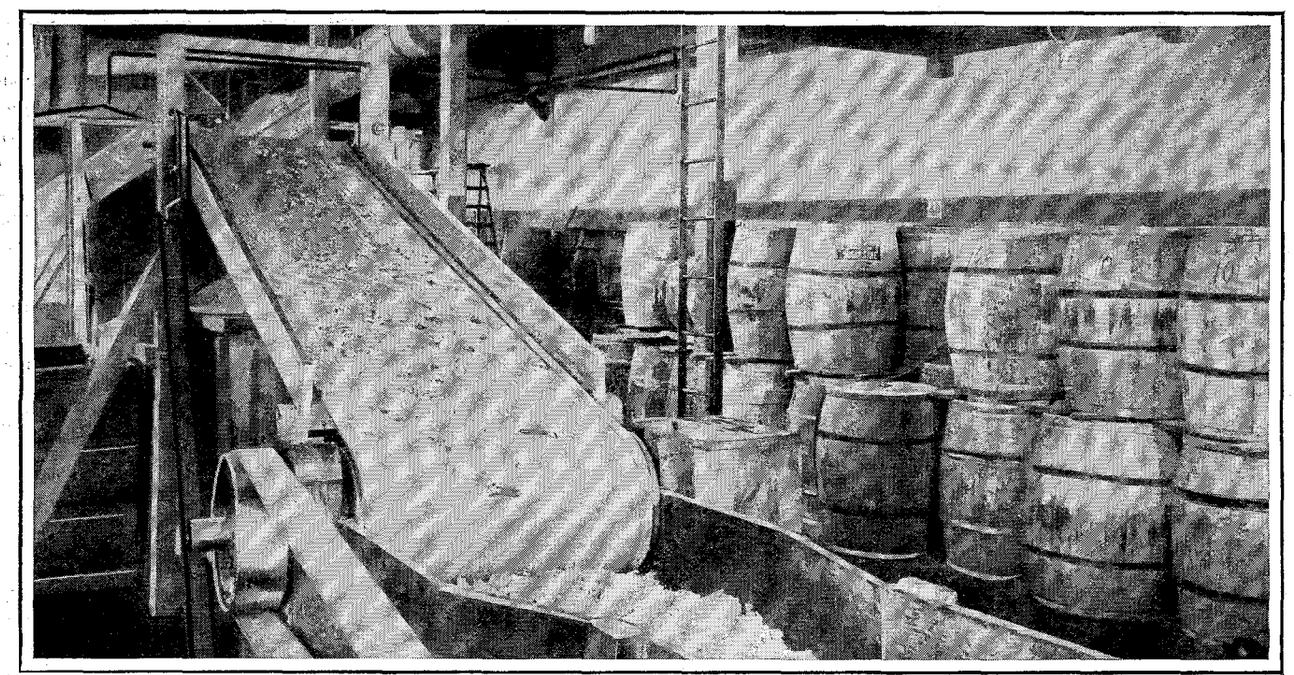
The lifting magnet is of unique value for recovering objects of iron and steel from under water. Here we see the ordinary circular magnet salvaging a quantity of iron pipe. Some magnets are especially designed for submarine work. They have been successfully used for lifting masses of ships' plating detached from a wreck by explosives, as well as for salvaging cargo



Photograph from Brown Hoisting Machinery Co.

Lifting magnet operating a "skull-cracker"

Here is one of the most "striking" uses of the lifting magnet. The thing that strikes is a great iron ball or circular block weighing 10 or 15 tons, called a "skull-cracker." The magnet lifts it in the air; then the current is cut off and the missile falls upon a heap of scrap iron and scrap steel in order to break it up to suitable sizes for charging into the steel furnace



Photograph from Cutler-Hammer Co.

Another industrial use of the magnet

Magnetic separators of several kinds are among the many cousins of the lifting magnet. The above picture illustrates the "magnetic separator pulley," used to remove miscellaneous bits of iron (known as "tramp iron") from materials in which its presence is undesirable. It shows how iron buttons, buckles, and the like are removed from rags. The stream of rags, carried by a belt conveyor, passes under a powerfully magnetized pulley. The latter arrests the bits of iron, and another belt conveyor, stretched around the pulley, carries them away

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Interval in a Greek Dance

By Bernice Kenyon

Your motion is like a voice trying to say
What no voice can,
Whose notes will suddenly waver and fall away.
Your steps that softly ran
Swifter than light, and free,
Have paused before an immanent mystery.

You do not bend to the earth—you do not fear,
But poise and wait
As a voice gone silent before a truth half clear,
Towering vague and great.
The loosened folds of your gown
Stir no more, but like carven stone flow down.

All quietly toward you moves the little air
Of your caught breath.
The life that quickens and holds and keeps aware
Your body, is still as death;
Like the thought, living unheard,
That is deeply known, but cannot break into word.

The Sources of the Booze Supply

By Ernest W. Mandeville

Generally speaking, there are four main sources which now supply this country with illicit liquor. They are:

(1) Smuggled liquor which comes over our borders and is landed on our coasts.

(2) Industrial alcohol which is diverted into bootleg channels.

(3) Liquor which is stolen or obtained by fraudulent permits from the bonded warehouses.

(4) Moonshine liquor—*i. e.*, the illicit distillation made from mash. Also fermented fruit juices.

At the beginning of this series of articles I commented on the futility of directing the enforcement effort against the petty offenders and recommended an attack on the sources of supply. Only in this way will effective law enforcement come.

The recent Coast Guard offensive against Rum Row evidences a real attempt to cut off source number one.

First, let us consider how liquor was (and in the main still is) being smuggled into our country from Canada, from Mexico, and from lands across the sea.

Three hundred and thirty-two foreign vessels (chiefly British) are known to come to our coast for the express purpose of smuggling booze. These vessels lie at anchor for weeks at a time outside of our territorial jurisdiction and are visited nightly by innumerable fast motor boats, which carry the liquor ashore and land it in the many inlets and rivers along our ten thousand miles of coast-line.

The difficulties of stopping this traffic can be imagined. The rum-running launches are small and fast. They run at night without lights, and can dash alongside a rum ship on a dark night, load, and slip away without being seen by a Coast Guard ship, even though it might be only a few hundred yards away. If discovered on the return trip, it is a simple thing to throw the liquor cases overboard, and unless contraband is found aboard no action can be taken.

The Coast Guard, short of men and speedy boats, were unable to cope with the situation. Over a year ago about thirteen million dollars was appropriated by Congress to better equip this branch of the service for law enforcement. Destroyers were transferred from the Navy Department, fast-moving launches were built, and additional men recruited.

Then in May of this year a blockade was effected from New London, Connecticut, to Atlantic City, New Jersey. A tremendous effort was made to drive Rum Row out of business. "Rum Row" is the title given to the rum vessels (about sixty of them) which anchored thirty miles offshore in the New York district. It was the main port for the rum-runners. It can no longer claim that distinction. In the new offensive each rum vessel was guarded by one or more Coast Guard cutters, and the warning was broadcast that violators would be shot at with intent to kill, and that the guard would not be content with simply wild, warning shots as before. Thus rum-running in the metropolitan area became risky business, indeed.

Rum-running is still possible and certain cargoes still reach the shore, but it has, for the time being, been made not only perilous but unprofitable. Newspaper publicity holds that Rum Row is completely beaten and that June found only four offending vessels remaining. The others, the Government reported, had returned to their starting-places abroad or had retired to Halifax. The bootleggers scoff at this and say that the ships have simply gone to other coastal destinations (given them by the shore organization), there to unload in peace. They contend that liquor is coming into New York by freight-car loads from the South. They admit that their operations near New York have been embarrassed considerably by the Coast Guard drive, but they express no great worry about it. "A gigantic whisky trust is being formed," the rumor goes among them. Centralization is to be the object of this combine. Through a single head they believe that they can "buy their way through." "We can fix it," they say confidently; "there is nothing that cannot be fixed [bribed]."

It is a known fact that corruption has crept into the Coast Guard personnel, and the bootleggers, believing no one "on the level," have no hesitancy about being able to "do business" with any enforcement unit.

The report of the Couzens Committee (official investigating body) bears out part of the bootleggers' boast. This Committee finds that when rum-runners are driven out at one point they appear at another. The coasts of Maine, Massa-

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chusetts, Delaware, Virginia, Florida, the Chesapeake Bay, the Gulf ports, and the Pacific coast also have considerable traffic in liquor.

The Coast Guard will next have to extend their blockade so that it encircles the country. This is possible, but will, it is estimated, cost about $250,000,000 in initial outlay for ships, etc., besides a heavy annual expense for a force of some 25,000 seamen. The present Coast Guard forces numbers about 7,000.

Then, too, our long land borders both to the north and to the south must be guarded. In New York State alone there are over one hundred miles to be patrolled, with some twelve agents assigned to this duty. It can readily be seen that this force must be multiplied by at least ten to be made effective. The increasing amount of liquor now coming over the Canadian border is becoming a most serious problem.

The Mexican border has been an easy matter for the rum-runners. The Great Lakes, as well as the ocean front, offer their problem to the Coast Guard. The Niagara River is now said to be a favorite point of entrance for the liquor boats, with the city of Buffalo as a clearing-house for the smuggled goods.

There seems no question but that the war against smuggling can be won if sufficient money is appropriated, but there is considerable doubt as to the liberality of Congress on this point.

My own belief is that if a constant blockade is kept up in the metropolitan district the rum-runners will be defeated simply because they will find it unprofitable to land their cargoes far from the big consuming markets. This will not hold good, however, if the bootleg organization (which is admitted by the Government to be a highly efficient one, employing the highest legal and technical skill) contrives new ways to effect entrance. For instance, it is now rumored that liquor is being shipped from Germany in crates of crockery, so contrived that the few inspection crates are free from contraband while the others are laden with it. The shore bootleg crowd is admitted by the Department of Commerce to do over $40,000,000 business yearly. It is not to be expected that they will give up without a struggle. Then too their profits may be held up by the law of supply and demand, even if the difficulties are increased.

This country is perfectly capable of stopping the illegal traffic on the seaboard; but will she spend the money necessary for the accomplishment?

We must remember that in stopping one of the four sources and neglecting the other three we are adding to the [illegible]re on those remaining open. Let

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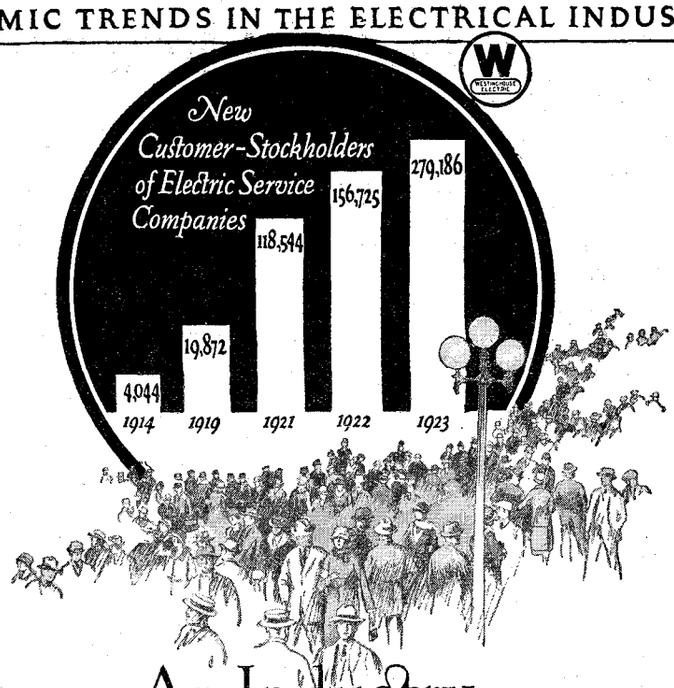

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me put it this way. If on your garden hose you had a spray with four outlets, and you stopped up one outlet with your finger, the water would only shoot up the higher from the other three outlets.

So we must consider our other three sources as well. These are inward means of supply. It may very well be that in shutting off imports, in this business as in others, the result will only mean a boom for the home industry.

Mr. W. H. Walker, a high official in the Prohibition Unit, has said that if the industrial alcohol situation could be corrected that it would result in eighty per cent enforcement. This percentage is held by other enforcement chiefs all over the country.

If this source is such an important one, and I believe it is, it behooves us to look even more closely into the possibilities of its extinction than we did into smuggling. The stoppage of smuggling is a much more expensive process (as we have seen) than the efficient checking and follow-up of the industrial or "grain" alcohol here on land would be. I suppose the reason the public and official mind has been concentrated on smuggling of late is because that traffic was bringing us into international disgrace. This, it is fair to suppose, had some weight in bringing the Government around to action.

WHAT is the industrial alcohol problem, and how can it be met?

That redistilled specially denatured alcohol that has been flavored and colored constitutes the greatest part of bootleg liquor, the prohibition officials admit. According to official estimate, 5,000,000 gallons of such liquor is sold annually in New York City alone.

The Volstead Act not only provides for the prohibition of alcohol for beverage purposes, but it also requires the Prohibition Unit "to insure an ample supply of alcohol and promote its use in lawful idustries." This puts restriction and encouragement up to the same officials. To obtain men who are temperamentally fitted both to prohibit and to promote seems to me well-nigh impossible.

But the promotion of the legitimate uses of alcohol is a duty. And did you ever stop to think of the many uses to which alcohol is put? It is used for fuel, light, cleaning, for all kinds of dyes, perfumes, hair tonics, shoe blacking, for metal polishes, varnishes, soaps, flavoring extracts, and a thousand things. Hospitals must have it both as medicine and as an ablution. Chemists need it for experimental purposes almost as often as they need water. Photographers use it, ammunitions require it, and we all know of the great quantities used in anti-freeze mixtures for our automobiles during the winter months.

Dr. Doran, Chief Chemist of the Prohibition Unit, says, "The alcohol industry and others depending on it are vital to our National welfare." Therefore alcohol must be manufactured in great quantities, and the problem is to keep it available for those industries which need it in their lawful pursuits and at the same time to keep it away from those who make use of it illegally in bootleg liquor.

The head of the Industrial Alcohol Division estimates that ten per cent (about 7,000,000 gallons) of the total production (about 70,000,000 gallons) was diverted into unlawful channels in one year. Made into whisky, this ten per cent means 14,000,000 gallons. Others, including myself, believe that in actual practice a much greater percentage finds its way into bootleg hands.

About 10,000,000 gallons go out annually as pure alcohol—supposedly to legitimate permittees. Much of it, however, goes to drug stores, and it is well known that many of these stores are run loosely and wildly. Palmer Canfield, Prohibition Director of New York State, estimates that there are at least 5,000,000 counterfeit prescriptions in the hands of the retail druggist permittees in New York City alone. How easy it is to obtain alcohol or synthetic gin (made from this alcohol) through the drug stores around the country has been commented upon in my other articles.

About 27,000,000 gallons of alcohol are distributed each year as completely denatured alcohol. No permit or bond is needed to get this brand, and some of it goes into the lowest grade of bootleg hooch. Some slips out from the distilleries which is said to be denatured, but actually it is in the pure state.

About 30,000,000 gallons are distributed as specially denatured alcohol under a permit and bond system. Much of this goes to the alleged perfume and hair-tonic trade, which must have alcohol denatured in such a way that there is no offensive odor. This requirement prevents the use of deadly denaturants and provides easy ways for the illicit distiller to redistill this product (*i. e.*, boil out the denaturants) and make it pure alcohol again. This removal of the poisons is called "cleaning."

The violators of the law naturally seek the easiest means by which they can obtain alcohol for beverage purposes. This specially denatured alcohol (under the present system) is "easy pie" for them. The tax that used to be charged on pure alcohol in pre-prohibition days was $4.18 per gallon. Now bootleggers, by getting it in this easily "cleaned" form, pay no tax and the cost is brought down to about 50 cents a gallon.

How do they procure this specially denatured alcohol? Somewhat in this wise: Letterheads and books will be prepared which seem to show an actual business in extracts, perfumes, or what not. A loft office, perhaps, will be rented and almost all the alcohol they want will come to them. For their own protection, in case of inspection, they carry on something of a legitimate trade in their supposed business. This is grossly inflated on the books (which are shown to inspectors) by some such process as this: They pay bonuses to some concerns, so that they will sign receipted bills for goods delivered which actually have never been manufactured. With these receipts they are able to so falsify their records that they seemingly show *bona fide* sales. The party to whom the sale is made is not required by law to give any information to Government agents. Therein comes the difficulty of an efficient check.

The greatly increased number of applicants for the distribution of the various kinds of alcoholic preparations is evidence of the activity of this illicit trade. The alcohol that is supposed to go into perfumes or on the hair goes, rather, into the stomachs of thousands.

The latest problem is the synthetic alcohol made in Germany, known as methanol. This can be produced for about 18 cents a gallon (which undersells American wood alcohol), and is said to be one hundred per cent pure. The record of imports of this concoction (which lends itself to the bootleg trade) is as follows:

	Imported.
January	40 gallons
February	62,971 gallons
March	69,886 gallons

It is adding monthly to the big problem we already have.

The Couzens Committee has recently reported that the Prohibition Unit is unable to cope with this industrial alcohol booze situation. There are some 126,000 permittees to watch besides some 80 distilling plants. Dr. Doran, of the Prohibition Unit, has declared that the agents lack the necessary intelligence for this brand of work. Not only do they fall short in ability, but they are lacking in numbers. The result is that denatured spirits are being diverted after leaving control of the Prohibition Unit, and also that grain and ethyl alcohol is being diverted at the distilleries.

It is a big problem. However, I be

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lieve that it can be met. But not until present enforcement conditions are considerably altered.

THE third source of booze supply is from the bonded warehouses. A bonded warehouse is a place where untax-paid spirits are stored under bond awaiting payment of tax and withdrawal. There are about 75 of these in the United States, and they contain, according to officials, about 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons of whisky. About 2,000,000 gallons are withdrawn each year. Some of this is diluted and used illegally. In 1924, 99,668 gallons of whisky were stolen from bonded warehouses, in comparison with 45,797 gallons stolen in 1923.

This source, perhaps, could be stopped by the purchase of this liquor by the Government and the strict distribution of it through National dispensaries rather than through drug stores. Druggists' permits to dispense liquors have risen from 15,959 in 1923 to 18,487 in 1924, while physicians' permits to prescribe have increased from 44,346 in 1923 to 57,597 in 1924. Added to these are the thousands of faked permits which are handled by the unscrupulous.

While not a large source, yet the liquor from bonded warehouses has to be reckoned with.

THE fourth source of the booze supply is moonshine or "corn liquor." I suppose we should include, too, the wines and hard cider made from grapes and apples by the natural fermenting process.

Among the foreign-born population there is a large amount of illicit distillation of liquor. Stills are sold openly and found in many homes. Farmers make liquor. Mountaineers make "Mountain Dew," corn liquor, etc. These brands seem to be gaining in popularity. We have always had this source with us, and the chances are, with the difficulties of prevention, that we always will have moonshiners. The bad feature of this problem is that the moonshiners used to take a pride in their product; but now they bother little with the quality and try only to keep up with the demand, solely for the profits involved. The encouraging feature is that, although this source will be very hard to cut off, it is a comparatively small one, and the largest and most damaging sources can be stopped if the Government makes up its mind to do the job right and if the necessary funds are forthcoming.

In my next article I shall give the conclusions of my study and discuss the chances of improvement as I see them.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

"The New Pierides"

Reviews by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most interesting of the books of poems before me are those by Ridgely Torrence, Hervey Allen, "A. E." (George William Russell), and James Stephens—two American and two Irish writers. "A. E.'s" remarkable qualities as a poet, it is almost needless to say, have been recognized for many years. James Stephens, originally one of "A. E.'s" protegés, has now come into his full and deserved renown both as a poet and a remarkable prose writer. The work of both these men has been called work of genius, though that is usually a dangerous pronouncement.

Ridgely Torrence, now for several years poetry editor of the "New Republic," was a friend of the late William Vaughn Moody, and is a contemporary of Edwin Arlington Robinson. He has produced single poems but sparingly, though his poetic dramas and Negro plays have won considerable attention. His first volume of poetry was a book of epigrammatic philosophizing suggested by a couplet from Bidpai. To-day he gives us a remarkably lyrical volume,[1] containing several familiar poems which have been frequently reprinted in anthologies. All readers familiar with American poetry have realized for some time the striking evangelical power of "Eye-Witness," the marvelously condensed tragedy of "The Son," the clenched grimness of "The Bird and the Tree" with its underlying social indictment. And years ago I clipped "Three o'Clock" from an old "Scribner's" as an unusually vivid impressionistic picture of Manhattan's early morning, a memorable meditation at the dead hour.

The "Rituals for the Events of Life," I recall, when they appeared in the "Century" some ten or fifteen years ago, aroused certain objections from the Fundamentalists of that day. It was declared that the rituals in the Book of Common Prayer needed no such substitutes. That slight tempest in a teacup seems peculiar now. These rituals have frail loveliness and melody, and are deeply mystical in their essence. They are pure, high-minded poetry.

Before all things Mr. Torrence is an intense humanitarian. Though he writes often with an almost languid grace and cadence, this burning passion is evident underneath the restraint of art in which he holds his verse. He is also most deeply a mystic, though the "Sea Dream," for instance, is prefixed by a pronouncement from biochemistry, and, on the other hand, the meanings he finds in life are often vague and almost inapprehensible. Third, he is always melodious. I find an extremely haunting quality in the measures, for example, of "Legend" and "The Singers in a Cloud." He has made certain frail new cadences entirely his own; his musical variations are subtle and enchanting.

Torrence, in my own opinion, should be placed among the best of our living American poets. His contribution has been comparatively small as a lyrical and narrative poet, but it has often been of the highest order, and he has winnowed his work with great integrity.

Hervey Allen[2] is a newer and younger American who appears to me to have a poetic future before him. I find his chief fault at present a didacticism of mood, a predetermination of theme, a recurrence of prosaic heaviness of treatment that clogs his verse. But in passages he displays a gorgeous wildness of imagination duplicated in few of the younger poets of the day; and the range of his vision is precocious. Though the first section of his book, "Earth Moods," which gives the title to his volume, is worked out studiously and often with vivid passages, though "Funeral at High Tide" is rich with observation and "Children of Earth" of psychological interest, though his phrasing is always dignified and often strikingly felicitous, I do not care for his habit of italicized comment upon his own

[1] Hesperides. By Ridgely Torrence. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

[2] Earth Moods. By Hervey Allen. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

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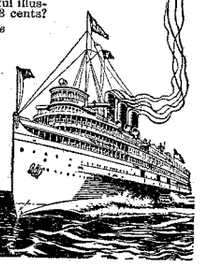

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work, even when it is apparently considered as an integral part of the verse. But passages like that on page 78, where, in "The Fire Thief," the solar-voice calls upon the dæmons of the spheres, and on pages 99 and 100, where "The Sea Horse" emerges from the gulf of the sea, are astonishing in their imaginative energy and color. "Poems of the Other World" are remarkable efforts in the *macabre* and in the fantastic; and "Walls" and "Dead Men," in "Poems of Passing Days," full of taloned phrase.

Allen's own idiom is as yet but half developed. He is not derivative and he has a decided talent for epithet, but too often he is merely flat-footed in statement. At such times his poetry precipitates into prose, albeit a graphic and dramatic prose. But certainly he has power, range, and energy; and I do not think that the schoolmaster in him will be altogether able to control the unaccountable curveting of a notable natural imagination. I want his Pegasus more often to buck through the blackboard diagram. And I have hopes.

To turn to the Irish poets, I must confess that I find more meat in Stephens's[3] selection than in "A. E.'s" latest book.[4] Many of these poems of Stephens's are from previous volumes, old favorites. Eleven poems are new. His experimentation with accent is interesting, though not entirely conclusive. "On a Lonely Spray" and "The Pit of Bliss" seem to me the highest achievements of the book. The poems on the ladies of famous Irish story are all delightful. I have heard Stephens render almost all these poems at American recitals or in American homes, and the memory of his peculiar delivery has certainly enhanced their value for me. He is a poet fairly bristling with individuality and eaten by the authentic spark. Raciness of his own soil is always in his work, and Gaelic mastery of language and cadence.

I find in the poetry of Padraic Colum a definition and a power that I cannot seem to find in this book dedicated to him, "A. E.'s" "Voices of the Stones." "Michael," the longest and last poem in the volume, is a noble mystical interpretation of patriotism, yet when it is thoroughly analyzed an interpretation that those of us disillusioned with human warfare are beginning to doubt. Most of "A. E.'s" lyrics pose a question, the old questions of "whence" and "whither." Though there is little original epithet, there is glamour to some of his phrase. But his words seem, somehow, to me, to blow by on the wind, leaving faint echoes and fugitive fragrance. Such verse has its own purpose, its own beauty, but I do not feel here fire struck from the flint.

Four books, of those before me, remain. John Erskine's[5] is dignified work that makes no very strong appeal to me except in "The Poetic Bus-Driver," a delightful conception with rather too Wordsworthian a treatment. "Modern Ode to the Modern School" has some humor as a skit. "Sonata" seems to me to be handled a bit heavily throughout, and "Ambush" to lack somehow the salience it might have had. The rest is dignified and rather academic poetry.

Dorothy Dow's "Black Babylon," at least in its title poem, owed certain effects to Vachel Lindsay. Her "Will-o'-the-Wisp"[6] seems to me more her own. The clinical treatment of love is here, but a scent of patchouli seems strongly to cling, and there is some sentimentality. The poetry is almost entirely subjective. Miss Dow has mastered the traditional manner of statement concerning the ecstasies and weariness and self-torture of love, but the original dramatic power of such statement is, in this day and generation, considerably weakened.

> Does she remember one
> Of all the many nights
> That Hell shall see undone?
> Can any lost delights,
> Remember, recompense
> For faded stars and dreams?
> If one might read the gleams
> That lie behind her eyes . . .

And so on. This would be more interesting if such a great deal of such poetry had not been written before.

> Her purple lids
> Fell wearily
> On sea and sky
> And sky and sea.

It goes back to Rossetti, really. Occasionally a phrase is well clenched. There are neat verses. A picture is vivid, as in "The Crillon. 1924." The author is sophisticated, disillusioned, apparently woman of the world, and yet she is satisfied with easy effects, easy sentimentalizations, and dramatizations of incurably ancient love situations. The "vermilion mouth, that ached with being gay," "orchids, orchids everywhere," "love that came like a whirlwind, ruinous," "Elaine's bewildered face"—are these not all old counters? In the middle of the book "Black Lover" and "Snowbird" have at least the merit of being observations of a new *milieu*. But Miss Dow's

[3] A Poetry Recital. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[4] Voices of the Stones. By A. E. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

[5] Sonata, and Other Poems. By John Erskine. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

[6] Will-o'-the-Wisp. By Dorothy Dow. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

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metrical talent is fluent, and she can work rather more adroitly, as in

Through her mirth's grotesque unsheltering fence
Ancient figures wavered, dimly stern:
Like the fragments of a costly urn
Sadness loitered in her insolence.

Yet even here the figure is either wrongly punctuated or carelessly handled. Fragments of an urn cannot "loiter." Miss Dow should be far more pitiless with her technique.

Harold Vinal's "Nor Youth Nor Age" [7] is an improvement upon his former poetry. He has bound the book most attractively and its typography is pleasing. There is more originality in his work, though some of his poems miss making their point. All of them, however, have the merit of concision.

And last I come to "American Mystical Verse," [8] an anthology compiled by Irene Hunter, who, Zona Gale tells us in the preface, did her work during painful illness and lived intensely in it. All her ambitions had been blocked by invalidism. She was a young poet and mystic of Riverside, California.

Under the circumstances, I do not feel like taking too critical an attitude toward this anthology, except to say that I cannot understand some of the choices. Emerson and Whitman are quite properly included in large quantity. Emily Dickinson, Sidney Lanier, Hovey and Moody, Anna Hempstead Branch, Zona Gale, Hazel Hall, Vachel Lindsay, Vincent Millay, Lizette Reese, Torrence, Wattles, Elinor Wylie, and a number of others are all here. And this is an interesting attempt to follow the principle of the "Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse." But I cannot feel that it can be called the definitive selection of the best mystical poetry of America.

[7] Nor Youth Nor Age. By Harold Vinal. Harold Vinal, New York.
[8] American Mystical Verse. Edited by Irene Hunter. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Fiction

THE MYSTERIES OF ANN. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Amusing in two ways: as a sly dig at detective-story readers and as a clever study of an eccentric Yankee old maid. Ann, steeped in crime fiction, plans an imaginary murder with herself in the leading rôle of villain. She picks out an old skinflint whom she hates—so there's the motive. She goes through the preliminaries of her plot, and when the "victim" by a farcically wild extension of coincidence is found dead, and suspicion turns on Ann, she is tickled to death, and is much disappointed when her innocence becomes evident, for she was looking forward to her trial as the crowning joy of the murder mystery. Preposterous to literal-minded readers, but excellent fun all the same.

NUMEROUS TREASURE. By Robert Keable. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

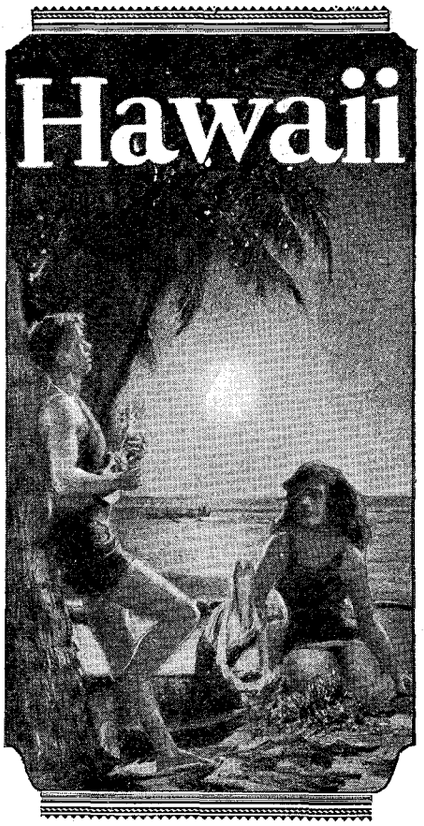
This is subtitled "a romantic novel," which may or may not mean that the author thinks of his earlier stories, "Simon Called Peter" and "Recompense," as something other than romantic. Like those popular fables, it is refined movie stuff—refined in manner and slightly prurient in effect. It exploits sex in the South Seas as the other books exploited sex in France and Africa. "Numerous Treasure," half-caste heroine of the Polynesian island of Naiau, is the primitive dusky maiden of literary commerce, neither more nor less, but for a slight "kick" of flapperism which links her to Tony, the authentic modern girl of the piece. To enjoy Robert Keable's recipe one must be a little consciously on the loose, like an honest citizen doing the Moulin Rouge. One must be artlessly responsive to his various peep-show effects, retaining all the time one's right, and one's intention, to vote for the blue laws. One must yield for the moment to the requirements of an itching palate while clinging firmly to one's approval of solid fare. After all, this is merely a sort of curried Victorianism.

Essays and Criticism

POETS OF AMERICA. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

The poets of America were, it seems, Poe, Whitman, Adah Isaacs Menken, Sidney Lanier, and Emily Dickinson. To-day they are Robinson, Frost, Masters, Edna Millay, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Elinor Wylie, Rose O'Neill, and others. These are emphasized, but dozens are mentioned—even Longfellow and Whittier get a line or two in the book in which Adah Menken has a chapter. Mr. Wood is bitten by the craze for being saucy to Longfellow, and his condescension toward all the gray-bearded poets of eld (except Whitman, of course) is laughable.

It is easy to quarrel with Mr. Wood's choice, and with many of his opinions. Perhaps they need to be disputed. *A bas* the New Englanders! is his cry; they have been praised too much, so he will refuse them even bare justice. But—unless we demand that every one like the food we like—why must every one agree with us about poetry? This is a stimulating book, filled with apt quotations. The author has opinions, and often has reasons for them; he slights some great



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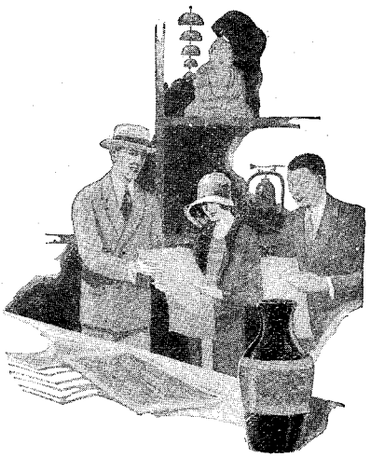

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figures of the past, but he is also unmoved by some of the noisy ones of the present. He can see merit in the work of some contemporaries who are often formless, or even idiotic. But it is not their formlessness nor their idiocy that he praises, but some real poetic achievement, aside from the eccentricity. The chapters upon some of the living poets are especially discriminating.

Religion

FALSE PROPHETS. By James M. Gillis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The author is a Paulist Father, and he writes as a devout Roman Catholic. He is vigorous, witty, and often sensible, as unsparingly he lashes the mistakes of Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Freud, Conan Doyle, Haeckel, Mark Twain, and Anatole France. These men are all pestilential heretics to Father Gillis. His comments upon Shaw are ninety per cent good sense, and could be read with profit by those devotees who have nearly spoiled the greatest writer of brilliant English farces by accepting him as a social prophet. Too bad that the author does not include another "false" prophet —Chesterton, whose brilliant nonsense is often none the less nonsense when he writes upon religion. Ah, but Mr. Chesterton's doxy is Father Gillis's orthodoxy, and so *his* nonsense is not nonsense!

The weakness of this able book is, of course, its unbending and mediæval dogmatism. The men he excoriates are, it is true, all false prophets at times, just as, at other times, they may be true prophets. In other words, they are fallible men, like that learned Italian ecclesiastic in Rome who, Father Gillis would seriously tell us, is the Vicar of Christ upon this earth.

Biography

TROUBADOUR: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Alfred Kreymborg. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

It used to be good form to wait until you were seventy and famous before you wrote your autobiography. Sometimes, until you were dead. Sometimes, merely, until you were so old that you could no longer write except in a strain of subdued sadness. Nowadays children of hardly forty-five, little tots with no international reputation, mere beginners in literature with only nine or ten volumes to their credit, dash boldly into autobiography.

Mr. Kreymborg bids us sit down and he will tell us the story of his life. The literary part of it is mainly concerned with queer books and queer magazines and queer artists in queer parts of New York. Mr. Kreymborg knew all the freaks. He wrote some moderately mad stuff himself; usually he had, what most of the queer poets lacked, the gift of humor and interest. He did not hold, as some of the queer writers do, that the first object of literature is to repel. He has written an enjoyable book, and we are glad that he did it as a youth of forty, instead of waiting for eighty years and maturity.

Politics and Government

THE BOLSHEVIK MYTH. By Alexander Berkman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

The author is a well-known Anarchist, the perfume of whose activities in this country still faintly persists. He was one of the deportees conveyed to Russia on the Buford late in 1920. He left Russia in disappointment and disgust late in 1921. During his stay in Russia he kept a diary, whereof this book is an arrangement. It appears to be an authentic record of experiences and observations, not much vitiated by the fact that as an Anarchist the writer was naturally unsympathetic with the Bolshevik *régime*. Mr. Berkman was brought into contact with most of the chief actors of the Russian scene and his territorial range of observation was considerable. He has given us a well-written, vivid, pictorial, and horrible record, which circumstantially bears out the impression entertained by most of us, of a Russia in frightful misery and chaos under a despotism as cruel and cynical as any the world has seen. It may be assumed that Mr. Berkman is not squeamish, but the business turned even his stomach. One doubts that he will ever again look for trouble.

Gardening

THE CULTURE OF PERENNIALS. By Dorothy M. P. Cloud. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

A sensible and serviceable book, of which the first part is devoted to giving all the information necessary for the establishment and care of perennial plantings; the second, to descriptions of the best perennials and their more notable varieties, with especial directions for their culture and propagation. It is convenient, adequate, and clear, and attractively illustrated from admirable photographs.

Art

BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT. By Martha A. S. Shannon. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $5.

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